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HENRY CADAVERE

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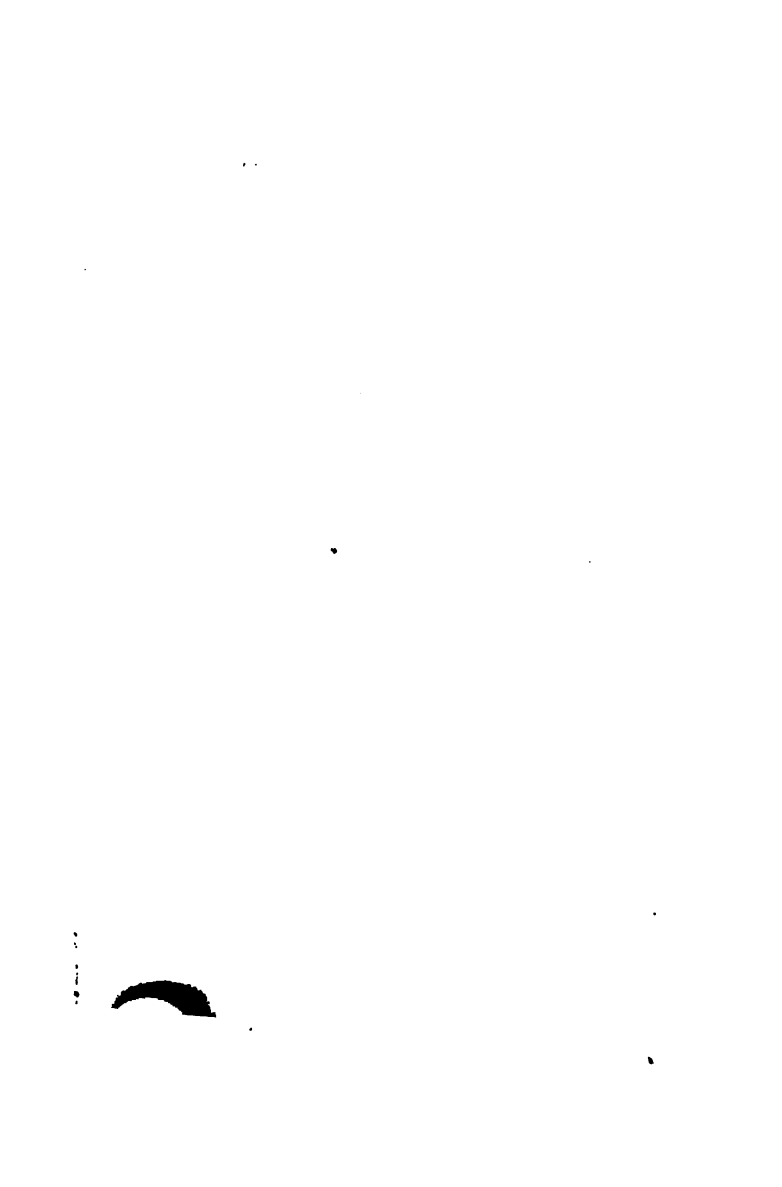
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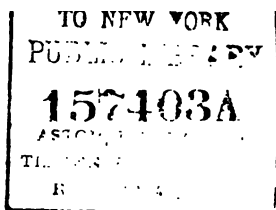
A STUDY OF LIFE AND WORK

copy sent to Mr.
—BY—
H. W. BELLSMITH.

"God made man in His image, but our plan's
To mould and make God's image in the man's
And if my thought be human as the rest
At least the likeness shall be man's at best!"

(GERALD MASSEY.)

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I.

Coming into darkness,
Thus do we enter life;
Groping our way to home and rest,
Stumbling in the pathway
Or beset in strife
With hidden foemen;
For some a moon may rise or guiding star
May give a helpful, cheering light;
When home is reached, or near or far,
We sleep, but wake
In the clear glory of a morning light.




CHAPTER I.

WRECKAGE.

Out into the Darkness, the Wind and the Frost! You who live at your ease in cities and listen to the winter storm by night only to be hushed into yet deeper slumber by its far-away wailing, do you ever think what these words mean to those who are called upon to face the "powers of the air" upon the great lakes of the north; those lakes whose limpid waters look so innocent and fair to the summer tourist as he skims over their surface in the swift floating palace or toys with their ripples as they flash against the frail sides of his canoe?

As the sun approached the horizon on the 22d day of November, 18—, the propeller "Simcoe," laden with corn and a deck load of pork "in barrels," steamed through the straits of Mackinaw on her way from Chicago to her home port of Collingwood on the Georgian Bay.



On the upper deck "Cap" Pearson, the mate, is engaged in a listless conversation with the man at the wheel. He is speaking of his former life, of the days when he had sailed as master of one of the finest steamers upon all those waters. That was before the drink had got hold of him and robbed him of position, home, friends and self-respect, so that he was now content to serve as the one mate of a crew of Chicago "dock wallopers" under a Captain he had learned heartily to despise.

With an outward bearing of surly good-humor, there was a shadow as of hopeless sadness over his still fine features, which the slouching stoop and shame-faced droop of the head sought vainly to conceal as he leaned against the pilot-house and talked over his shoulder to his companion.

This man, the occupant of the pilot-house, strikes one immediately as a man of unusual respectability and character for such a position. About thirty-five years of age, tall, dark, with strongly marked features, long, sinewy limbs and quiet but observant gray eyes gleaming

from under dark brows, and a broad expanse of forehead, grisly black hair and a short beard, with long, nervous, white hands, tipped by clean, well-trimmed nails. He took little part in the talk, but said enough to show a sympathy of mind with the poor, down-driven "Cap" that served to bring back to him his old social life and his old intellectual life like ghosts, as it were, of the time past.

This led the former to speak of his downfall and discharge by his old employers after many, many years of good, honest service. His voice grew husky and harsh as he told the tale.

"Well!" put in the other, "could they not give you some chance to retrieve yourself?"

"Heh!" replied he, with a scornful emphasis, "I served that firm, man and boy, for twenty years—faithfully—and when I broke loose, not so bad at first, they were as ready to kick me downstairs as the veriest stranger!"

"I do not doubt it!" said the wheelman, feelingly. "Faithfulness in any of the walks of life goes for little once you break the chain! It seems to affect the master as petting spoils a child or as—" he

stopped, but went on—"How many there are who, having served with conscious faithfulness through the best years of life, have at last to echo the wail of the poor, old, banished Cardinal:

" 'Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my King, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies!'

"Yet is there another line I like better:

" 'To thine own self be true!'


"That is where the reward comes in!"

There was a low, ringing intonation in his voice, but it trembled and died in his throat ere he ceased speaking, and a strange brightness flashed in his deep eyes.

Both are silent!

The sun goes down in a blaze of lurid flame. Long streaks of ruddy light stretch across the sky and fade into sombre gray, while the massed cloud beds upon the horizon grow darker and darker, blotting out the land line to the South and West.

Away to the northward dim mists obscure the heavens, save that the light which marks the entrance to the north



channel still gleams like a star of warning and guidance.

As Pearson's eye catches sight of it, he rouses himself and goes slowly down the ladder.

An altercation is heard in the Captain's room, which grows violent; then the door opens and slams upon a volley of vile oaths from within.

Pearson comes back up the ladder. Arrived at the top, he draws himself up and raises his head.

"Southeast by east to clear the Ducks!"

The fateful order comes in ringing tones of command calculated to reach the superior (?) officer in the room below. There is no response!

Pearson buttons his worn pilot coat about him and stands erect. Can this be the "Cap" Pearson of a few minutes ago? He paces the deck with a clear, firm tread—silent!—his face a shade paler, his lips set tightly and his brow knit strongly over his blue eyes that shine with a new light.

The taciturn wheelsman leisurely obeys the order and wonders what such a change can mean—something very un-

usual must have disturbed him, more than a stray curse from the Captain.


What was it? Shame, pride, scorn, indignation strive with the angry, distorted features as he struggles for self-control. The storm within him rages, rising higher and higher as he strides fiercely to and fro, with clenched hands and teeth hard set.

Suddenly he stops, wheels swiftly round as though facing an enemy, and, tossing his head haughtily, exclaims beneath his breath:

"Yes—man—To thine own self be true!"

Instantly all passions seem to melt away—all the wild tension of manner is gone. A change, as remarkable as it is sudden, has come over the man, for it is "Cap" Pearson, the "whisky-sucker," no longer, but the Captain Pearson of the honored days of the past now plainly manifest, even through the battered visage and worn clothes. The keen, honest flash of his eyes looking through open lashes and head poised once more,
"In the godlike attitude of freedom and of man"

told of a soul born anew to live and do and dare, and, if need be, to die!"



He looks about him at sea and sky, and then turns to the wheelsman, quietly remarking:

"We may have a rough night. Barometer's down to 28. I will go down below and see things are made snug."

So he disappeared once more down the ladder.

The occupant of the pilot house was now alone, alone with his thoughts. The change in the man Pearson, his own words re-echoed in such passionate self-remonstrance, their effect and the altered demeanor of the man, all spoke to his inmost soul. His own past came up before him in the gathering shadows of the night as when one meets the death angel face to face, then

"We do not think what we have been, we are:

Past, present, future, near or far—

In the Spirit world at once you find the whole

Of life contemporary with the soul."

All about him was in keeping with the state of his mind. There was something threatening in the strange quiet; there was little wind and what there was was "baffling," coming in puffs like the slaps


of a man's hand, now from one point, now from another. The sky had come over dark as a vault of stone. The mist thickened and presently the starlike speck away in the port beam twinkled faintly and was seen no more.

Above, below, around all light faded out, save the spectre-like rays of the ship's lanterns, which seemed to feel out helplessly into the Egyptian gloom. Weird moanings as from an upper world reached him through the tireless plodding beat of the engines. Onward, onward! (thump, thump) Whither, whither! and the heart of the watcher echoed—whither? whither?

Oh, ye irresistible, merciless powers of earth and heaven, inexorable as Fate, which men have nowadays dignified by renaming "heredity" and "environment," and which we find to be but Nature's laws shaping and withering alike the flower of the field and the flower of the home and the heart and the life, who can withstand you?

Take courage, oh, wayfarer! Live your life! "To thine own self be true!" and be sure that there is

"A Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will!"



and that Divinity is just and wise and loving!

* * * * *

Pearson returned to his post, but volunteered no further conversation, answering the wheelsman's "Going to have a blow, Cap?" with a short, "Yes, from the sou'west; keep her well out!" with which he resumed his silent watch, waiting for what he alone knew to be coming.

About midnight it came—Roar—Shriek—Whish! It wraps them round—snow—hail—RAIN—WIND. The sea rises as by the touch of an Enchanter's wand! The Prince of the powers of the unseen rides upon the storm in fury to destroy!

Out of the darkness came the wind!
Out of the wind came the frost!

All through the night the doomed ship rode before the storm. Sheeted in a frozen shroud from stem to stern; her crew, like icy ghosts, flitting hither and thither, their labors the only source of warmth against the terrible Frost King, except when they would huddle drenched and exhausted about the boiler deck. Again and again the waves threatened to swallow them up, breaking furiously over the stern and dashing through the windows of


the upper cabin. The shutters of the forward gangways had been carried away, but thus far those of the engine-room held taut, for Pearson had battened them up and wedged them solidly with supporting barrels of pork. The pork on the forward deck he had thrown overboard. The men worked with a will, but with blanched faces. Pearson was everywhere working with them and cheering them on. Once he barely escaped being swept overboard by a flying pork barrel. He was seconded by the engineer, a little Scotchman, whose cool nerve and dry humor never failed.

"Aye, mon! It's a shame!" he would say, as barrel after barrel of the pork went through the gangway. "Ah, weel! (with a chuckle) "Alec Clark'll hae some guid groond bait for his feesh."

About an hour before daybreak Pearson came down from the pilot-house with set lips and knitted brow.

"Keep your fires up, Sandy, or we shall not see the Isle o' Coves! I fear we shall have to run ashore after all."

"There winna be sa far ta' gae doon, Cap!" was the comforting reply.



Still the wind roared and shrieked through every part of the ship with an ever-increasing force and bitterness. The lake was a wilderness of rushing, tossing, struggling hills of water, for the gale had the full sweep of Lake Huron over which to gather strength.

In the pilot-house, silent and grim through the long hours, the wheelsman and his fellow kept watch together and battled with the storm; as the wind drew round to the southward this fight grew keener and more desperate; there seemed to be no way through between the unseen but inhospitable shore to the north and the deadly trough of the sea.

When the end came, it came quickly. There are few mariners who have not wondered at that strange phenomenon of the ocean; how the great waves in a storm travel in threes, one behind the other. Sailors have a superstitious regard for these war horses of Neptune.

Pearson was aft to give warning of the coming of such terrible warriors. Suddenly the sea grew dark and smooth around him, swallowing up great pools of foam with a spiteful hiss.

"Port! Hard over!" he shouted.



For some reason the steamer was slow to answer her helm.

Then it came over them like a wave of death, indeed, black, silent, horrible!


Pearson crouched and braced himself in the companionway, and for a moment it was as if they had gone down into the deep. When, at last, he got free from the flood of waters, he found the steamer rolling in the trough of the sea, with her engine-room shutters beaten in on the star-board side, while an ugly waft of steam came up from the fire hold.

He glanced over the stern, and once more there was the ominous darkness and hiss of the sea; then his voice rang out clear and strong above the storm:

"All hands to the boats!"

There was a hurrying of feet, but before the order could be obeyed the fated vessel was again whelmed in the flood, from which she came out but slowly, and as she did so her engine, that great pulse of her life, gave a slow throb and stopped.

Then there was panic on the hurricane deck! The boat falls and lashings were frozen fast. There was no possibility of lowering them. The men were dragging at them desperately, with yells of dismay,



when Pearson appeared, helping the half-sobered Captain up the ladder. He pushed his charge toward the first lifeboat and ran toward the other, shouting:

"Leave the yawls; take the lifeboats!" and with a rush the bewildered crew obeyed.

"Cut the lashings!" he called out, seizing an axe and suiting the action to the word.

As he did so the steamer was for a third time engulfed, and when the huge wave had passed one lifeboat only was to be seen floating in the whirling eddies of the sea, with eleven out of seventeen souls crouching in bewilderment within her.

"Dan! Harry! take an oar!" cried their undaunted leader, already at the helm.

Into the face of the storm they pulled, while Pearson looked eagerly around.

Presently he detects a something dark among the waves, and tugs at the tiller ropes; one more to be added to the shivering, almost hopeless company; hopeless but for the heart and purpose of one man.

There is a feeble shout, "It is Sandy!" They haul him aboard.

"Eh, mon! It's as weel. I just thoct I'd com' oop an' see if ye were aboot!"

Further search proved vain, so they turned to run for the shore, fifteen or twenty miles away.

What a voyage! For three long hours in the shrieking wind, with the thermometer at zero, the ice which covered them their best protection against the arrows of the Frost King. As Sandy remarked of his bared head:

"I was nae sae cauld sin' the ice took!"

But at last they got ashore and had their frost bites tended according to the rough-and-ready surgery laws of the bush.

There they remained some days, enjoying the hospitality of the poor but large-hearted settlers.

The storm passed, and Lake Huron shone once more in the peaceful light of the Indian Summer.

A tug was expected that would take them to Collingwood.

Two men went out on the bluff to look for the first sign of its coming. They were Captain Pearson and the wheelsman "Harry." There was a break in the conversation, when the latter turned upon his friend.

"Captain! Is the old life dead?"

"Yes, indeed, dead—and buried!" re-



plied Pearson, with quiet, humble, but firm emphasis.

"Thank God! We all owe you our lives, Captain! There is not a man who is likely to forget it!"

"And I owe mine to you!"

"To me? What do you mean?"

"You gave me the text—the others do not know it; but it is to you primarily to whom they owe their safety."


"And you preached the sermon—and what a sermon!"

"What is your name, Harry? I almost forget that I saw you first on the dock at Chicago only the day we left on that last trip!"

The wheelsman turned away, and then answered in a far-away voice:

"Call me Henry Cadavere; for with me also the past is dead—aye, and buried—buried. See, yonder! Is not that the tug?" and the speaker pointed to a thin wreath of smoke on the horizon.

The two descended the hill in silence, and then the hurrying waves of life's ocean came about them and bore them hither and thither to live and to die, each according to the spirit begotten within him.



1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1990, 27, 1, 1-14.

II.

'Twas in the Master's room,
On the silent instrument his latest work
still rested,
A blotted sheet, scored and dashed and
marked
As though in passion he had wrought,
So disfigured all the notes and pauses,
It was in vain I sought to give them
sound.

He came,
And sat to play—A loving pride
Kindled in his eyes while he the score in-
terpreted;
Whose music, by sweet sympathy,
Carried our souls in the clear evening
hour
To the star-decked throne of love and pity
And bade us rest.



CHAPTER II.

THE AGNOSTIC.

Seven years have passed away since that night of wreck and disaster, and we find Henry Cadavere in New York, serving as clerk in a prominent business house, and working ten hours a day for the pride-restraining salary of sixteen dollars a week.

Faithful and diligent, his ability and industry acknowledged, he enjoyed the confidence and respect of his employers—but his salary remained the same.

Of that every-day life we have little to do. Let us rather seek him in private, free from the constraints of business.


One Sunday evening, toward the end of the summer of 189—, there were seated on the stoop of a small house in a quiet street of Brooklyn two gentlemen.

Both are in the prime of life. The




younger of the two we shall know as Thomas, or, rather, "Tom" Guthrie. He is an individual of striking personality, with an honest, earnest, manly face and powerful, well-knit frame, so full of the energy of life that even in the luxury of a rocking-chair and under the enervating influence of the close, sultry air, he seemed to be independent of the very idea of repose. A clear-headed, practical, benevolent, friendly man, just the man to succeed in anything he put his hand to. A man who was content to take the world and things around him just as they came to his hand and to use them. An ideal conservative, an ideal leader and employer and a true-hearted Christian and a church member.

The other is Henry Cadavere, whom we may here pause to study more closely. At first sight he seems to have little in common with his friend as he lies with his six feet of sparely built humanity sprawled out in the loosest and easiest attire, the very picture of indolent relaxation, to which the occupation of smoking a briarwood pipe gives a finishing touch. The difference in manner is accentuated by the difference in appearance between



the two men. Cadavere's full head of fine, dry, rebellious hair of an iron-gray hue, straggling over his broad, high forehead, and short, grisly beard contrasted sharply with the glossy brown hair and clean-shaved face of his companion. The suggestion of laziness was, however, more apparent than real. The student of character would soon discover in the long, sinewy, white hands, the keen, restless and ever-changing flash of his gray-brown eyes and the rapid variations of expression which passed like shadows over his strongly marked features, evidence of what was well understood among his acquaintance, that few men had a more tireless capacity for high-pressure work than "this loose-limbed radical," Henry Cadavere.

Even in his hours of unbending, such as the present, while he might be resting his body with a perfect recklessness of abandon, yet his brain never seemed to tire; his meditations during such hours of quiet were quick and purposeful, chewing the cud of former thoughts and observations and reducing them in a crucible of incessant questioning that he might pick out the grains of truth, pure and




bright, from among the ashes of reason.

The two men were, indeed, apposite rather than opposite to each other, and therefore their friendship. Such men united are they who make history; an architect and a builder; a David who conceives the purpose and frames the plans and a Solomon who carries them out and receives the honor and the profit. "One soweth, another reapeth."

There was a pause in their conversation. They had been discussing the fallibility of human reason and the need of a revelation; a subject upon which Tom had heard the great Dr. Tallman discourse that morning. He had unburdened himself with honest enthusiasm only to have his well-devised dogmatisms punctured by a few pertinent questions which struck not so much at revelation in the abstract as at the pretensions of those who assume to be its exponents.

It was the elder who broke the silence, speaking in a slow, regretful tone:

"That is a beautiful parable which Bulwer gives us in 'Zanoni,' where he pictures the tree 'struggling to the light' from beneath the ruins of an old heathen temple. We can imagine the history of




that tree. Its first bright spring hours as it nestled in the crevices of the broken pavement and putting forth its tiny leaves, looked up in wonder at the great, dark roof overhead. What a happy, peaceful childhood! Summer's heat and winter's storm are alike tempered to that tender, shapely sapling as it grows, and growing spreads its delicate limbs to the echoes of those deserted courts."


The speaker paused, and his manner changed as he turned and faced his companion.

"But, Tom! The day came when it reached out through the dismantled windows and felt and tasted of the free, pure air outside—then—it smelled and knew the earthy breath of the charnel house, and the sheltering walls, no longer a home, became a prison.

"May we not trace with a sad sympathy how, in its strivings to escape from that prison and live only beneath the glorious sunlight of God's heaven, it brought down upon itself the great walls in what appeared to be annihilation for the poor captive? But not so! Deep buried among the cold, imprisoning stones it still lived, and year by year worked 'toward the



light.' Bending and twisting where it fain must, yet lifting and bearing the burden of huge blocks of granite fit to crush a giant. So it found its way inch by inch, until at last it bursts forth and spreads itself in the free air and bright sunshine; gnarled and crooked and distorted, it is true, and with but few hectic sprays to give it beauty or to offer as its tribute to Him who is over all, but a glorious triumph of faith and energy and purpose. When we contemplate this beautiful allegory and think out its poignant truths (how many they are), shall we stop to mock at the twisted shape and scant crown of leaf or blame that tree for not being lithe and straight and sturdy like its fellows in the grove down the hillside? Yet, that is precisely what Christianity is doing to-day, even consigning its human prototype to an eternity of torture for not being straight and strong and beautiful! Aye, more! Churchism in the nineteenth century, no less than the paganism of the past, is as cruel in its wrath against those who seek the open sunshine of an independent conscience as the ruthless stones of that ancient heathen temple."



Again there was silence. Cadavere drew quiet whiffs from his pipe, pondering upon the picture he had thus sketched. The other braced himself up, clasping his hands behind his head and spoke suddenly, almost vehemently:

"Harry, I cannot understand how you, of all men, once a hard-working Christian, as I believe you to have been, should have become so pronounced an unbeliever. Excuse me—'Agnostic'—I hate the word! It is to me only one degree removed from infidel!"

There was a gesture of remonstrance, almost of asperity in the compressed lips and knit brow of the speaker.

The smile in Cadavere's eyes became first sad, then laughing, and finally tender, as he paused and let the white cloud curl slowly upward; then he raised himself, and, with a slow, solemn earnestness, replied:


"Tom, my dear fellow, do you, indeed, think that I have no faith? You do me a wrong! I do firmly believe in the providential sway of one Great First Cause, of one who is our Father and the Father of all. One who is the source and spring from which only loving kindness and

goodness flows—one who is more solicitous of our welfare than any earthly father could be, more forgiving than any mother, more patient than any wife, more tender of our faults than any lover, more faithful than any friend. I have known all these blessings in their most secret form, but they seem to me to be but the divided streams of an estuary through which just some portion of the great river of Divine compassion is made known to man. Yes, I believe there is a God to whom I can commit the issues of life—come what may—and yet I believe, I hope, but I know nothing!”

Tom frowned with impatience at what he regarded as the inconsistency of this speech, and broke out in reply:

“You believe? How can you believe? What can you allege as the grounds for your belief if you reject all authority—the Bible, the Church—everything? Your ‘belief’ is at most a ‘hope.’”

“In Te Domine Speravi!” quietly responded the other. “Translate it as you will! And yet, may we not claim to ‘believe’ in that which we ‘live by’—that which governs and shapes our actions? After all, agnosticism is but the antithesis



of dogmatism, its natural consequence—a protest against mental tyranny!

“The Agnostic says, ‘I know not; I seek to learn!’ The dogmatist says, ‘I know! I see!’ Wherefore is he ignorant and blind, and of him it is written, ‘See the man wise in his own conceits, there is more hope of a fool than of him!’”

“Does your hope reach out into eternity? Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?”

“Why not? There is nothing unscientific about that! Man comes into this life in a perfected personality, framed and formed and in the moment of conception centred in a germ of matter to which he adds moment by moment while yet unborn, and year by year until of full growth of adult age, building up a garb of flesh suited to give expression to that personality. His individuality is retained subject only to modifications resulting from the influences of his environment. When a man so born into the world ‘shuffles off the mortal coil,’ which is so manifestly not a part of his original self, it is but a fair assumption that the life essence may exist and probably will exist without the incubus of the fleshly garb; nay, more,

that it may retain the power of re-clothing itself or of partaking in a reincarnation or resurrection."

"If you accept the 'Fatherhood of God' and the 'immortality of the soul,' why should you reject the idea of revelation? Surely, it is a natural inference that the Father should have communication with the child."

"I do not reject the idea of revelation. On the contrary, I see God manifested in every law and evolution or nature, which is an inexhaustible book of parables interpreting His will and character. You may read His mind therein as plainly as you read the mind of Tennyson in a volume of his works."

"But why exclude the human means?"

"Granting that revelation be possible through human means, why should the Bible exclusively represent such human means? Thomas à Kempis, Bernard de Morlaix or Frances Ridley Havergal open the mind of God to me more surely than Ezekiel or Ezra or Nehemiah."

"We must have some standard of unity, and the verdict of the Church in all ages has been that the Scriptures are the Divinely appointed standard—"

"Has it?"



"Well—it is at this day, and how should such a question be answered except by the verdict of the whole congregation—"

"Of those who have been brought up to regard it as such? Not a very fair jury! No! You have to come back to your claim for a special revelation based upon the authority of an ecclesiastical hierarchy of professional creed and dogma formulators, and that is where I stop! I hold that the life is the standard of one's faith, and not that a faith, however orthodox, could be held to be the standard of one's life.

"Did you ever notice what a delicate touch of satire Defoe has woven into his exquisite poem? When Abou ben Adhem asks if his name is written among the elect, the Angel representing the Church as heaven's mouthpiece answers with a ready and dogmatic 'No!' Strange to say, the poor infidel is not at all disconcerted. He simply suggests, with a smile of benign humor that he was content with the title of one who loved his fellow-men, and forthwith goes to sleep again. The angel thereupon goes off in sheer disgust at such rank, abominable heresy, but we

are led to infer that he gets a pretty strong lecture on his arrival at the heavenly courts, for he is sent back post haste and made to acknowledge that he was altogether wrong and has the further mortification of being compelled to give Abou's name precedence over those of all of his pet professors."

There was another pause, when Tom Guthrie spoke again, with more than wonted feeling:


"Harry—I do not often indulge in day dreams or fancies, but some time ago I stood in one of the old English cathedrals. The solemn beauty of the place filled me with reverential awe. High above me the windows were decorated with the forms of the old Apostles and saints in brilliant raiment, and, as the sun shone through them, casting bright-colored rays upon the cold, gray stones at my feet, I was led to think how the lives of these holy men, which have come down to us with their teachings, were made beautiful by the Sun of Righteousness, whose character it was that shone through them—albeit the light was colored and robbed of much of its original glory in its passage.

"Now, granted that the Bible writers

were not free from human infirmities; granted that Peter and John, Paul and James, David and Isaiah all give but a colored light. Cannot He who spreads the rainbow measure out to us a due and right proportion of each color and thus give us all truth, but through the softer beauty of the prism rather than in the blinding glory of the direct sunshine? I am thinking of both the Bible and the churches!"

"What you say is right and good, but we cannot get away from the fact that such pure combination does not exist. The colors have been muddled by ignorant and unscrupulous hands, and the drawing distorted. No hand, Divine or otherwise, has intervened to preserve the purity of the original.


"The Bible is simply a human compilation, and while it contains much that is good it is marred by much that is foolish and vicious. In the hands of the churches it might be a sheaf of good wheat, but a pharisaic and sadducean ministry by preference swallow the good grain and give the straw to the people. Therefore I reject both—as authorities."



"Does this not leave you without anchor or chart?"

"It was not by anchor and chart that the New World was discovered! I seek a new world—a land of liberty and light! A higher plane of thought and life! How shall I find it? The more I know, the more I am conscious of that which I know not; and the more I realize my ignorance, the more am I driven to take refuge in a faith which my consciousness demands, but which I can neither define nor explain! My bark is manned by rebellious ideas—the teachings and predispositions of the past—which ever turn homesick and longing to the old memories and old ways. Yet I may not turn back—I can only press on through the night to an unknown shore. Were it otherwise I should cease to be an agnostic."


"Why should you cling to such doubts? Can you ignore the testimony of history? Of the many who have left abiding witness to the Gospel being the power of God not only for their own salvation, but to enable them to work wonders in the name of Christ? Can you be blind to the blessings which the knowledge of the Bible has brought to the nations which have



come into its light and liberty? Will you—you who have been an eye-witness and heart-witness of its conquests? Nay, do not deny it; you are reticent as to your past, but I have gathered enough to know this much—will you assert that prayer is a vain thing—that conversion is a fable—that men are not saved and made to triumph over sin by the Blood of the Cross? Surely, Christianity, like the life of its founder, is its own answer to its detractors: The fruit declares the tree—and it is good!”

The earnestness, the strength of conviction with which the younger man spoke was reflected in his countenance, which glowed with enthusiasm as he slowly emphasized the last words. They were to him the summing up of an unanswerable truth.

Henry Cadavere was touched. A voice from that past, a whisper from the old happier days of youth and enthusiasm seemed to speak in the living friend before him. He sighed: “There speaks an honest faith at least! Pshaw! Why should I seek to destroy so sacred and loving a principle of life? What does it matter, after all, whether the potion be




a charm to kill a devil or a poison to kill an insect, so long as it saves the patient? But come," he added, rising suddenly, "let us walk a bit, and I will take you to see one of those saints you are talking about. There are still a few about if you look for them, and they do not all turn their backs upon a poor agnostic!"

The two friends were, however, hardly set forth before the younger challenged his friend anew.

"Tell me, Harry, for you have not answered my question, how do you account for the manifest blessing and benefit we receive from prayer?"

"Well, Tom, in the first place, our ideas of God are alike only to a certain point. As touching His relations with man I part company with your orthodoxy entirely. If I regard God as a person, He is to me one who 'changeth not' in any sense of the word. One who is 'the same yesterday, to-day and forever.' One who knows what He is doing and does it; one who is just in a sense beyond that which passes current in modern theologies, giving to every man equal good and equal blessing. When Euclid wrote the axiom, 'Things that are equal to the same thing



are equal to one another,' he stated the obverse side of a law which is the basis of all justice. No man can be justly judged for what he has not nor rewarded for that which was given him; the judgment is for the misuse of his opportunities and the reward for suffering a lack of good gifts. Man is a given quantity, consisting of the sum of his inherited faculties and predispositions plus the circumstantial influences of his life. As to prayer, it is but the food cry of the mind. To say that God answers the wayward petitions of ignorant discontent in the popular religious sense is an outrage upon reason. That the self hypnotism toward an ideal standard of goodness which is the foundation of all higher forms of prayer and worship, conversion, etc., is a means of individual benefit is only to state a scientific fact, and is, indeed, independent of all creeds and religions. Read Conway's 'Sacred Anthology' and you will find that paganism had many a Thomas á Kempis. Even in our own days it is not Christianity which has supplied the best Christians. In the work of philanthropy we find Sir Moses Montefiore, a Jew, and Sir Jamsee Jet-jeebhoy,

a Parsee, in the head of nineteenth century effort, even in this City of Churches, and in New York there exists no Christian charity to compare with the Bethel Personal Service Society of the Jews in that real Christ-like element of going about to do good.

"On the other hand, all forms of religio-hypnotism may be equally forcible in 'converting' the human subject to every form of extravagance and absurdity and even infamy! Hepworth Dixon, in his remarkable work upon the 'revivals' which culminated in Mormonism and its kindred abominations, 'Spiritual Wives,' gives an array of facts which makes one marvel at what extremes hypnotic religion may lead men to. This hypnotic principle gives to religion the power to say: 'Evil, be thou my good!' 'Falsehood, be thou my truth.' We need not go further than your Dr. Talman to find a notable instance of the latter; witness his outrageous doctrine of verbal inspiration."

"Is not this a strange idea of yours?"

"By no means! The identity of the phenomena of hypnotism with those attending conversion, prayer, worship, etc., is no new doctrine. We find it insisted on

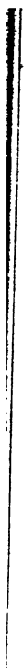


by Southey in his life of John Wesley and with the approval of his annotator, S. T. Coleridge. But of that we must defer consideration, for here we are at our destination."



III.

**There's something more than happiness,
So the old hermit tells,
A "blessedness," he calls it,
That in the spirit dwells;
When, spite of pain and weariness,
And cares that never cease,
We rest in the bosom of our Lord,
And find there Perfect Peace!**




CHAPTER III.

A HOME OF PEACE.

We reason of a man's character from his clothes, books, friends, as well as from his outward appearance and manner, for he puts his individuality into everything he controls, even into his dwelling.

A small six-roomed frame house, with a narrow passageway crowded into the side of a twenty-foot lot, over which a number of windows take advantage of a stableway next door to get the full benefit of a southerly aspect, as though delighting to look on the bright side of things. The building is old and time-worn and seems to share its tenant's humility, shrinking to the back part of the lot as if it were conscious of its inferior value compared with that of the land it occupied.



Why is the garden so neat and trim? Why does the honeysuckle grow so luxuriantly there? Why are those geraniums and their motley company, always so bright and healthy? Why does the canary sing so cheerily and what is it that gives to the cheap curtained windows and even to the old worn mat on the doorstep an air like a smile of welcome? It is the abode of kindness, of love and of peace. We know at a glance that no drunkard lives here; that no shrewish housewife has her want of patience tried by such eccentricities as that doll stuck up against the window pane.

At the click of the gate a bright, round face appears at the window beside the doll and as quickly vanishes. Sounds of commotion are heard from within and before they reach the door it opens in welcome for the two friends. It is no ordinary welcome for the elder, at least, as the group of delighted young faces which block the entrance testify. Amidst cheery greetings and a sweeping introduction, which makes Tom Guthrie feel at once that he is among friends, the two are ushered into the house.

There were three rooms on the ground

floor, the larger one in the centre. Here, paralyzed from the waist downward and rendered sightless by the same mysterious cause, Susannah Morris had lain for nine long years without hope of recovery and from her bed by the window through all those days and nights of pain and weariness had directed her household, dealing out her husband's scanty wages with thrift and care, teaching and guiding and educating her eight children, the eldest being only twelve years of age when she was stricken down. Not one of them had run the streets. She had won them to her side and kept them there, bearing their noise and willfulness without complaint, punishing only with whispered reproofs and forgiveness, made poignant by a tear.

One of the boys had been drawn away in the earlier days of sickness when Cadavere, then just arrived in New York, made a friend of the lad and used his influence with happy results, whereby a lifelong regard was mutually established.

Henry Cadavere led his friend to the bedside as into the presence of royalty and reverently took the outstretched hand, as he had done week by week, with

increase of veneration as the years rolled by.


"You are late, dear friend," I have been watching for you. I would not have you miss coming!"

Tom Guthrie marvelled within himself at the strange beauty of the face. A simple white handkerchief had been bound across the eyes, whose light had been put out. What they had once been he could only imagine. Her face was modelled in a remarkable combination of sweetness and strength and as she spoke a light seemed to glow through the almost transparent skin. Her utterance was without effort, but her voice was very low, scarce above a whisper, yet tender and expressive.

"I have brought my friend, Tom Guthrie, to see you. He hardly needs an introduction."

"Mr. Guthrie? No, indeed! I am so pleased you have come. We know you pretty well already and a friend of Mr. Cadavere's will readily become one of ours."

Tom approached the bed with some trepidation and pressed the soft, white hand. He felt guilty. He remembered



how Cadavere had spoken long ago of his humble friend and told the story of her beautiful life—how beautiful, he now realized. He also remembered how religiously Cadavere used to keep his Sunday evening engagement (to which, however, he, Tom, had assigned a very different object) and then the reply he had once got to a question on that point. "To my church?"—yes, truly this was a sacred place—so his voice trembled a little as he replied:

"I am very sorry I have not thus far shared such friendship. May I hope to be found welcome in the future?"

Leaving the two free to discover to each other a sympathy of heart and mind, which he knew would not long remain hidden, Henry Cadavere gathered the young people around him and was quickly besieged with questions concerning the visitor: "Was that the Mr. Guthrie who owned the big mill?" "Did you know his mother?" "Was she very nice?" "Just like mother?" "Mary had not been home to-day!" "Father and Gerty were down to the barracks." "They had had another letter from Jack and he and George were getting on famous, but wished they could


be at home again." "Jennie had been moved up into Miss Price's room!" "Oh, the lessons this term were awful!" and so on in that voluble chatter which flows naturally and unrestrained in the converse of youth with those with whom love has cast out all fear.

After a while there came a summons from the invalid and Cadavere was called upon to learn of the happy understanding which had already been established between his two dearest friends and to listen anew to affectionate regrets that he could not see things which were so gloriously plain to their eyes.

Tom was now at liberty to make friends with the girls. Esther, "the baby," aged nine, adopted her own plan of breaking through the shy reserve which held them apart.

"I want you to write in my album. Everybody's got to do it; that is, everybody that's nice!"

So she came forward with a small scrap or autograph album. Tom took it with a simple smile and all closed round him, with questioning but friendly glances, to see what he would write.



How much depends upon one's behavior
at such a moment! Children are great
critics and first impressions with them
are seldom, if ever, effaced. Notwith-
standing his long experience as a teacher,
Tom felt this truth as he had never felt
it before, and when he opened and read
upon the title page an inscription in his
friend's clear, clerkly hand,

Think, dear friend, before you write,
For the page before you is fair and white.
And the time is spring and the soil is pure,

And the seed you sow
Will not cease to grow;

And scatter fresh seed while the world
endure,
he felt disconcerted.

Just then a voice from the bedside
reached his ear.

"—I seek only to know the truth, so
a friend's speech is always welcome, as
Cowper says:—

"Rede well thyself that other folks can
rede,

And truth shall thee deliver; it is no
dreded."

Immediately there flashed upon him the inspiration he desired. (Oh, poor child teacher! how often have you sought it in vain.)

"Suppose we make up something between us. I will show you how, and we will write that in the album."

Instantly criticism was forgotten and all pressed closer with eager interest. He had won them. How? By the simple law of democratic association. He had made himself one of them.

"We must choose a subject. What shall we say? Truth?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Well, what about truth? What is truth?"

Here there was a general look of seriousness. Then the elder answered:

"Well, it's just what is, you know—and—and—nothing else."


"That is good. And what do you say?" (To the next.)

"The Word of God!" (solemnly.)

"And you?"

"Jesus says, He is the Truth." (Timidly.)

"And you?" (To the owner of the album.)



"Ownin' up straight when you done anythin'."

"That is right! All very good. If we walk in the truth, shall we follow Jesus, eh?"

"Yes, and the truth shall make you free," added the solemn one.

"Yer got to say wot's right anyway."

Tom patted the curly-brown head approvingly.

"Now let us see what we can make out of this."

"Would you walk in the way the Saviour has trod?"

"Yes! Yes!"

"Be true to yourself, your neighbor and God?"

"Why, that's poetry! Its verses!" and there was a shout of delight which called forth smiles from their mother and Cadavere.

Tom continued:

"For truth knows no fear, but makes the
heart free,
And your days shall be happy as happy
can be."


"There, will that do?"

"Oh, that's beautiful! It's lovely!

Write it in!" and "written in" it was, and of all the aphorisms, poetical and otherwise, in that book, none was more thoroughly learned and stamped on those young minds than this, their first, essay at co-operative poetry.

The pen swept in a strong, bold scroll beneath the entry as the door opened and Mr Morris, followed by his eldest daughter, entered. John Morris was a quiet man with a low voice and a fund of humor, always causing noisy outbursts among the girls, and always deprecating such noise with a whispered "Hush!" He went to the "Army" and believed in his wife and all she said and did; indeed, he worshipped her if he did not fully appreciate her, and he loved his pipe and a seat in the chimney corner with one of the children at his knee, and he loved a quiet chat with a friend, so it was little wonder that Cadavere was a favorite with him, as with the rest of the household.


It was not, however, to John Morris, with his strong, hearty hand shake that Tom Guthrie gave his attention as they entered, but rather to the tall, shy girl who followed him.



Ah! gentle reader, did you think this story could be told without touching upon the tenderer side of life? Love and work are the warp and weft out of which every man's history must be woven if it would stand peeking in the great day of account. Without love and work it must crumble into worthless shoddy. Melody may be sweet as the innocence of childhood, but it is only in a harmony of blended sounds that we may find true music.

Do not assume that Tom Guthrie straightway "fell in love" with the graceful Gertrude, whom he now met for the first time. That would not be the truth. He was attracted by her personality, the quiet modesty, the easy grace of her movements and the sweet, good temper which shone like daylight rather than sunlight from her presence. Was it Cadavere's thoughtful tact that cleared the way? Anyhow, he found himself from that time the special guest of the gentle Gertrude.

After a few tender inquiries as to the wants of her mother she led the way to the parlor organ in the front room, explaining that they always sang for mother on Sunday evening. A well-



thumbed "Gospel Hymn Book" was produced and hymn after hymn sung with religious fervor by the little home choir. Then there came some out of an old Methodist tune book and a few manuscript copies written in a firm hand which Tom soon assured himself was not inconsistent with the character of his young hostess.

All entered into the singing with such hearty enjoyment as if it were such a special treat, and indeed it was an ever-recurring special treat that made the Sabbath evenings hours of delight and partly accounted for the longing of the absent boys, for all they were getting along so famously, to be home again.

Once Tom looked through the open door and caught sight of the pale sufferer, resting back upon the pillow, with her thin, white hands clasped lightly before her and her face lit with holy rapture as her lips followed the sacred song:

"I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of God to me!"

Henry Cadavere had retired with Mr. Morris to the kitchen, leaving her to un-



disturbed enjoyment of this service of praise. Then Tom knew that it was indeed her service and that the slight, womanly girl was acting as priest of the household to which she was also guardian angel and servant. He even detected a carefully-arranged sequence in the selection of the hymns; from "Wrestling Jacob" and "Beneath the Cross" they led step by step up to "I've reached the land of corn and wine!" and "Oh! Worship the King!" forming a liturgy from the humiliation of the confession to the full "gloria in excelsis" of the redeemed and coming gently back to the world of patience and hope and love.

**"Peace! perfect peace! in this dark world
of sin.**

The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

**Peace! perfect peace! by thronging duties
pressed,**

To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

**Peace! perfect peace! with sorrows surging
round,**

**On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is
found.**

Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far
away,

In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace! perfect peace! our future all un-
known,

Jesus we know and He is on the throne.

Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us
and ours,

Jesus has vanquished death and all its
powers.

It is enough. Earth's struggles soon shall
cease

And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace."

"Abide With Me!" closed the evening's
exercises, and as the last soft notes died
away the player rose.

Cadavere met them at the bedside.
There were a few quiet good-byes and the
two friends found themselves once more
out in the summer night.

Little was said on the way towards
home. Tom got alone as soon as he could.
He had drunk of an atmosphere new even
to him and it was far into the night be-
fore he fell asleep, with the light still in
his soul which he had brought with him
from that home of peace.


IV.

We preach righteousness!
A righteousness such as the old Hebrews
knew
Who used the word for our word "char-
ity."
We know no superfluous goodness;
He who does right is right and there
Is no higher word than this,
Though man in his pride hath oft as-
sumed
A virtue which transcends his God.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

Away down South in South Carolina, in that favored land of cotton and negroes, on the slopes of the Piedmont region, twenty miles from the main line of railway by a narrow gauge, bonus-built, up and down hill feeder, and five miles from the siding and village of Fort Lawn, the rushing waters of the middle falls of the Catawba are joined by the less pretentious stream known as Fishing Creek. A promontory is formed by the union of the two streams and a hill rises abruptly from the level of either to a height which commands a remarkably fine view of the surrounding country and of the course of the, at first, divided, and then united waters as they flow together amid a maze of beautifully wooded islands,



Before the time when the corrupting influences of pride, luxury and power betrayed the fine old Anglo-Saxon families of the South to their destruction, the whole countryside was full of life and an army of light-hearted negroes sang as they labored to bring wealth and blessing from the soil under the patriarchal sway and enterprising beneficence of the family of the Clouds, who had held it from generation to generation since their ancestors first invaded the country and conquered it from its aboriginal owners. Now it is left to waste, its woods are rifled and left to decay; husbands, lovers, sons, all are gone and soon the very name will be but a dimly-honored memory.

A few days after their visit to the house at Williamsburgh we find our friends on the summit of this hill interestedly surveying the surrounding country, while their tethered horses regale themselves on a good feed of corn. Henry Cadavere was leading Guthrie from point to point and with his purposeful enthusiasm directing his attention to the topography of the country.


"Beyond that furthestmost island there is the entrance to an old canal designed

in days gone by to aid in converting the stream into a navigable waterway; a scheme long since abandoned in favor of railroads. Its banks are still intact. It strikes across yonder meadow along the side of the bluff and crosses to Fishing Creek through the chine below us and then runs along the hillside for a third of a mile, finally emptying by a series of locks into the lower level of the creek below the rapids. It is an ideal water-power, never-failing, and with nothing but the simplest excavation in loose soil to make it available. The locks stand uninjured as on the day they were built and form ready-made chutes for the turbines. And all in the midst of one of the finest cotton producing countries of the world.

"I spent a week of my vacation last year going over the place, and as I did so, the impression grew upon me that I had found the site for our co-operative city. I stood on this very spot and as I meditated the scene seemed to change. All this remnant of forest vegetation passed away and field beyond field glad with ripening crops of cotton and corn and rich gardens and orchards sprang up. All this fair prospect peopled not with slaves.

but with men and women working with glad hearts in full assurance of reaping the due reward of their toil. Mills with the hum of machinery and the song of happy, well-cared-for workers. Long rows of neat cottages, built for comfort and health, and echoing with the laughter of children; schools, library and helpful recreations provided to expand the minds and give vigor to the constitutions of the rising generation. No middlemen to tax the fruits of their labors in buying and selling; no store but their own; no rulers but those trusted by their own ballots who live with and among them. A people who have signed a declaration of independence from the thralldom of Mammon and from every ambition but to deserve the honor which comes from having excelled in the service of their kind! Tom, you may call me a visionary if you will, but my vision is a realizable future. I have studied it out in principle and in all the detail necessary to give it a practical shape. I want you to go over my work. The plans are ready. As a business man and a practical man I want you to help me in perfecting them."

"Your aim is a magnificent one," re-




plied the other, cautiously. "If your enterprise succeeds, there is no telling where such a movement would stop; but I fear you will find human nature against you. For instance, how will you overcome the difficulty of wages, high and low?"

"The principle of equalization of wages has already been tried and found practical and practicable. It is the keystone of all unions of labor, as you know."

"How came you to conceive such a project?"

"Well, I read of the time when—
"A man shall work and bethink him
And rejoice in the deeds of his hand,
Nor yet come home in the even
Too faint and weary to stand;
Men in that time a-coming,
Shall work and have no fear,
For to-morrow's lack of earning
And the hunger wolf anear.
"I tell you this for a wonder,
That no man shall then be glad
Of his fellow's fall and mishap
To snatch at the work he had,
For that which the worker winneth
Shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing



By him that sowed the seed.


"Oh! strange, new, wonderful justice,
But for whom shall we gather the
gain?

For ourselves and each of our fellows,
And no hand shall labor in vain.
Then all mine and all thine shall be ours
And no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing,

But to fetter a friend for a slave!
and I began to ask myself why should not
such things be? Are there not men who
would welcome such an evangel, even
among the skilled and enterprising? And
then the idea began to take a practical
form, and, step by step, line upon line,
the full possibilities of that vision came
upon me.

"I decided to work on tried lines only
and my mind went back to the inception of
this great Republic. I sought to master
the spirit of the bold designers of this
mightiest experiment in the history of
the world.

"Did Franklin and Paine and the radi-
cals who defied criticism and tory ridi-
cule, who asked only to be reasoned with,
only for opportunity to be given to an un-
fettered spirit of honesty and common



sense—did they live in vain? Is our Constitution a failure? It is, just as far as they failed in moulding it, but the spirit of the sentences which they wrote into that glorious scroll are the greatest of all safeguards to the onward progress of the world. I would go back to that and sow afresh the uncorrupted seed of the rights and duties of man. I would start with the religion of humanity, the religion of Thomas Paine and—”

“Tom Paine? Religion? Why, Tom Paine was an infidel!”

“Hm! I have heard that before! For all that, he was as good a Christian as you or I. His foe was the Church—the ally of Toryism, as it has been in every age and in every country. There is not a throne in Europe but would crumble to the dust but for its support; not a tyrant landlord, not a wage-robbing plutocrat, not a corruption-supported ring or political boss but would feel the correcting hand of the people, but for their alliance with the mammon-worshipping churches! This must needs be so. Ecclesiasticism presupposes superiority, superiority presupposes caste, class, and, ergo, engenders pride and, consequently,

contempt of and revulsion from those that are beneath.

"It was the shibboleth of the old faiths to cry, 'Come out from among them and be ye separate,' but it is not so with the spirit of true Christianity, which says rather, 'Go ye among them and be as one of them until they shall see things in your light and do them! 'Ye are the salt of the earth, the light of the world.' Salt is no good in the salt box nor the light under the bushel. We have to get back to the first principles of Christianity and the Constitution and then we shall be able to start aright."

"You speak of human nature," continued Cadavere. "You are right. When we would enter upon a rational discussion of any given subject, it is of first importance that we have a right understanding of that subject. This is especially so when we come to deal with the problems of humanity, which seem to be peculiarly liable to misconception and misrepresentation."


"I have sought to keep this in view with much earnestness and I would ask you to take as your first axiom this truth:

" 'Man is the sum of his inherited fac-

villain—nay, such a word is meaningless. Murder, adultery, selfishness, hypocrisy, everything we call evil or sinful are equally meritorious with the most spotless purity of soul and body, the most sacrificing love and the highest integrity! You make the life of a Herod equally worthy with that of a Jesus. Sin becomes a misnomer and crime another name for virtue."


"Steady," replied Cadavere. "You misstate the case. I deal with evil and good, right and wrong, light and darkness, but not with sin. I accept a corrective environment, but not a punitive one. I acknowledge invective, sarcasm, the vigorous presentation of truth in understandable forms to be necessary correctives tending to a purging of the environment known as society by a process of natural selection. If your social conditions produce the villain, what is the natural thing to do? Punish the villain? Rather, apply correctives to the social conditions, restraining the villain as a temporary expedient, but leave punishment out of the case."

"But, Harry," again objected Guthrie, "all morality rests on the ability of the



rational soul to choose his own course in a limited sphere. Vessels may differ in construction and material, but the Almighty has supplied every man with a chart and compass and a man has his own hand on the tiller to go whither he will."

"Your parable is too general," responded the other. "Have the heathen a compass? Has the outcast a chart? Nay, every man has his own chart, his own compass, and interprets it for his own use under the teachings of his inner 'ego,' and that is but coming back to our starting point. I would like to take you over the whole ground from the conception of the babe through to full development in adult age and show you that at no point is he free for one second. His body is identified with the soul within and as his bones and tissues set and harden so the spiritual body is locked in an unchangeable prison. The will also is guided and swayed and developed by the same laws of heredity and environment as the body. You are what you are within and without by the operation of natural law. You cannot change the color of your skin nor



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add one inch to your stature. You cannot be pious, patient and good, nor dishonest, hateful and vicious by the exercise of your will. You cannot be anything but just what you are."

Guthrie: "Oh! come, now; men do change, and a man may truly be said to be 'born again,' so great is that change at times."

Cadavere: "By the influence of environment."

Guthrie: "But the spirit of God makes a man to be independent alike of heredity or environment."

Cadavere: "That it cannot do, for the moment it has any influence upon him it becomes a part of his environment."

Guthrie: "Christ says, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

Cadavere: "The wind blows with a force and direction exactly equal to the mean of the forces which impel it; the will of the man is just as free as the wind and not one whit more so."

Guthrie: "Why, then, lay responsibility upon anybody. The plutocrat of Fifth avenue is bound with the chains of her-



edity and environment, equally with the Bowery tough or wayside thief and tramp."

Cadavere: "You are right. Yet with whom should we sympathize the most? 'He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble and meek. He hath filled the hungry with good things and the rich he hath sent empty away.'

"The law of conscience within me demands an equal balance for all men—


That every man shall receive an equal portion from the hand of God. He who has more than his share in this life should convey the surplus to those who have none. "He that hath two cents," etc. Do you believe this? If a man fail, whether it be of knowledge, right ideas, money, or what you will, he calls for a corrective element in his environment and he is sure to have it sooner or later or the justice of God fails. Every man's life must balance. Be not deceived. The measure of every man's portion shall be filled and the hand of unerring Righteousness shall wipe off the face of it.

Yet another generation and the words

sin, sinful, punishment, punitive, will lose their meaning and become synonymous with wrong, harmful, correction, remedial. The mind of man to-day sees no excellency of goodness in the old Puritan and the generation to come will turn toward an understanding of the foundation causes of evil and he who does most to bring about the reign of true Justice and Righteousness, he shall be honored in the land."

Guthrie: "But, does this not approach the revolutionary doctrine of the equality of all men?"

Cadavere: "No, indeed. That is a more manifest, but scarcely less harmful, absurdity than 'free will.' Man, like all the products of nature, rejoices in variety. He is but a machine, more or less complex, fitted for the work he is called upon to do. His usefulness and consequent value depends primarily upon his inherited faculties; that is, the temper and quality of the material out of which he has been constructed and subsequently upon the quantity and quality of the material and labor expended in his education.



"The physical worker and the brain worker are necessary to each other. Culture may be regarded as the magician who has gathered knowledge of the haunts of the geni of power and finds that he can only open his way to them by the hand of the worker whom Ruskin aptly calls the 'Fors clavigera,' the 'key bearer of power.'"

"How do you define labor in your philosophy?" asked the employer, interested.


Cadavere: "Labor is the force resulting from the directed energy of the human machine. Wages may be regarded as the exchange value of that force. Capital is the accumulation and conservation of the labor force in more or less available form.

"This accumulation of labor force may occur in various ways. The simple thrift of the man who puts by during his years of strength something to support him and his family in the days of weakness and age. This is the lowest form. The husband and father who gives his life to labor for love of his wife and children and takes his happiness in such work ranks higher. The babe at its mother's breast is his capital. How much more so

when that babe goes forth into the world trained and educated to serve his day and generation. Every child is a legacy to the community of all that child shall do and produce in after years and the man and woman who give the world a family of lovingly trained and educated men and women are public benefactors beyond the ideas of Franklin in that they start an ever-widening circle of good influence, reaching to the end of time—and beyond.

“The capitalist who directs vast enterprises of work and brings forth excellence from wise combinations and economies is entitled to recognition and honor also. He is the chief (the man with the head). He is the king (the man who can) and he is entitled to have his authority respected by those whom he serves as leader and patriarch, but the passing down of such honor as a rightful inheritance to his son and his son’s son is as manifestly a breach of the human law as the divine right of kings or the birth privileges of the old-world aristocracies.

“What shall we say of the men who live without productive labor, who squander



the forces which unrighteous laws have placed at their command in pampering luxury and degrading pleasures—working evil to themselves and those about them? Yet, of such are the rank and file of our aristocracies and of our wealthy classes, miscalled gentility. We count the thief, the burglar, the pickpocket, to be the enemies of society, but no bandit, no tough or 'habitual criminal' is so surely an enemy of mankind as the average gentleman of leisure. 'Noblesse oblige' is a dead creed and with it died the last excuse for an upper class. The law of humanity calls for all men to stand on a common ground in life, labor and the pursuit of happiness. It is appointed unto all men to work for the good of themselves and the world they live in and he who best serves his generation let him be honored.

"Let us give to such the pre-eminence which is theirs by right. Let ours be an aristocracy of reward for well-spent lives, and then our youth will be inspired by a healthy ambition and we shall have a nobility worthy of the name. 'Palmarum qui meruit ferat.'"

"What then?" replied Guthrie, depre-

catingly. "Would you confiscate the accumulations of wealth? Would you rob and spoil those who have amassed property?"

Cadavere: "Nothing that I will ever be associated with will invite any such reproach, although I would 'cut off the supplies.' Let us consider—aggregation of knowledge is power. Inventions for the economies of force are equivalent to capital just as surely as the economic contrivances which go to make up any great business enterprise.

"In the case of the inventor, we grant him but a limited use of his capital and confiscate it for 'public use and benefit' after fourteen years. In the case of the author and artist we also grant but a limited protection, but to the capitalist of the soil, the factory and the public monopoly we grant charters for all eternity. Which is the right principle? If the man whose invention is the fruit of a life's study and experience is only allowed to enjoy that property for fourteen years and then upon payment of a heavy tribute. If the author whose work is the aggregation of long years of research

the credulous on Barmecides feasts or by trying to make them happy in the contemplation of a hypnotic mirage; neither by flattery nor self flattery which would make one to stand apart as holier than his brethren.

"The Religion of Humanity recognizes only good and evil; the rights and duties, the wrongs and robberies of man. Charity, as indicating some superfluity of goodness, has no place in reason or revelation. With the old Jews it was 'Tzedekah,' synonymous with 'righteousness.' What we ought to do is our duty. What we ought not to do is a wrong against our fellow, whether it be of God, man or horse, or even the worm beneath our feet. We have a duty to ourselves, to our families and to the world about us; to the sick, the weak, the suffering and the incapable as a matter of simple justice in return for and in proportion to what we have received from those who have gone before us, whether of health, abilities or surroundings, and we have rights which correspond thereto.

"This brings me to our new 'Declaration of Independence,' the pith and mar-

row of the Constitution of the Brotherhood, and as we are to take that up in the morning, I suppose we may as well defer to appetite and prepare to turn our attention to good Mrs. Walker's waffles and fried chicken."

Here they drew up before their hotel and laughingly dismounted and proceeded to make their toilet for the evening meal.



V.

Dig, dig deep down through the shifting
treacherous sands,
That overwhelm the laborer working
through the night,
Spite the lurking lion, the cobra's pois-
oned fangs,
The Simoon's scorching breath, the
swift Bedouin's flight;
One only firm foundation, the eternal liv-
ing rock,
That alone we build upon in justice and
in right.

Dig, dig, deep down, what though the
stones we lay,
Be but the hid foundations; our work
is not in vain;
We are immortal! what though we fall
and fall,
Our brothers share our labors, our
hopes, our care, our pain.
Dig, dig to the living rock and there lay
stone to stone,
And we shall share the glory of those
who build to reign.




CHAPTER V.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

"The Spirit of God,
Dove-like, sat brooding o'er the vast
abyss,
And made it pregnant."

Thus the great poet sketches with master hand the infinite Intelligence, that great Architect of the Universe, in the attitude of thinking out the design, the machinery and the laws which should govern uncountable worlds for uncountable ages.

"Can old Pan be dead while the trees still whisper in the forest?" Moses and Confucius and Mahomet have passed away, but their minds still sway millions. The unknown hands which cut the statuary of the pantheon may scarcely awaken a wondering thought, but they still teach



us and fill our minds with a love of the beautiful. The time may come when the men who wrote our Constitution will cease to be more than historical names, yet their mighty work is destined to enwrap the earth in its blessings, aye, and borne on the freed spirits of the departed may possibly leap from world to world until the farthest realms of creation shall ring with the hallelujahs of the free.

He who plans for the welfare of mankind, where shall his work stop? Is he not a sharer of the thoughts of God tracing out the evolution of the better!

* * * * *

All next day and the day following Cadavere and Guthrie discussed the document which the former had drawn up to be a Constitution for the colony he sought to establish. Every clause was carefully gone over, amended and re-written; some passages were stricken out, others were added until at last the result was deemed satisfactory. It reads as follows:

CONSTITUTION

of the

National Union of Co-operative Labor.


(1) Whereas, All men stand equal in the sight of God, that is to say, the ele-

ment of justice in the Divine economy requires that we should recognize that every man's abilities and responsibilities, rights and duties are meted out to him in corresponding measure, the one balancing the other; and since evil lies in neglecting to recognize and maintain the equilibrium of rights and duties and good in preserving and restoring the same, the signatories hereto, hereby admit, acknowledge and assert the following fundamental principles of right and duty in their relations with their fellows and promise and vow to maintain them truly and faithfully in the sight of God and the Brotherhood;

That it is the right of every man to be provided with home, care, food and education during infancy and the years of his preparation for active life;

That it is the duty of every man to pay his way from the cradle to the grave by a full use of all the faculties and powers he possesses, and receiving by heredity or education special gifts of wisdom or skill to use such gifts for the benefit of the community;

That it is the right of every man to have an equal opportunity with his fel-




lows to develop the powers and capabilities latent within him, physical or mental, so that he may have full opportunity of applying them for the benefit of himself and the community; and in applying them to receive in return honor and recognition in proportion to the benefits he may confer;

That it is the duty of every man receiving his due proportion of the State's heritage of wisdom, property and unearned increment of value to use, improve and add to such heritage and hand it down to his successors with increase; nothing is his when he came into the world, and he can take nothing out;

That is it the right of every man who by reason of heritage, accident or disease may be incapacitated from performing a due share of life's labors to receive special consideration and relief from the favored members of the community;

That it is the duty of every man who has health and strength to bear the burden of those who are sick and afflicted, weak or incapable equally without respect to relationship;

That it is the right of every man after having borne the burden of the labor of




life during youth and manhood to be relieved therefrom as age approaches;

That it is the duty of every man to do as he would be done by, to render strict justice as between himself and his fellows, and maintain an unswerving impartiality when called upon to adjudicate between others;

That every man's rights and duties are for himself alone and cannot be transferred, and are shared equally by all; and

(2) Whereas, It is proper and right that due recognition should be given to the Government of the State and nation under whose protection the Brotherhood find peace and liberty, the signatories hereto promise and vow to faithfully maintain their allegiance as citizens of the United States, to abide by its laws and the decisions of its Courts and by the laws and decisions of the Courts of the State of South Carolina, and to do all things in conformity therewith; and

(3) Whereas, It is the aim of the National Union of Co-operative Labor to extend itself by multiplication of Communal Colonies over the whole United States, and it being advisable that any such colony shall be independent in the conduct of its



affairs, therefore every colony shall remain separate and distinct, having its own Government, by-laws and financial obligations and no affiliation shall be established that shall create any obligation of one colony on behalf of another or transfer any obligation from one colony to another; nevertheless this shall not be held to interfere with the transfer of members for mutual benefit or the vote of assistance to or the advance of Brotherhood funds to an affiliated colony adopting this Constitution; and

(4) Whereas, It is proper and right for the preservation of due order in the work necessary for the welfare of the Brotherhood that laws for the Government thereof should be made and amended and repealed and that the direction of their affairs should be entrusted to those best fitted to discharge such duties, the signatories hereto promise and vow to respect such laws made by their duly appointed Executive, and to discharge all the directions of their duly appointed officers pointed representatives and to obey the functions of the several positions and duties to which they may be assigned honestly and to the best of their several abilities.

The members of the Brotherhood in each Communal Colony shall be divided into guilds by the trades in which they may find their occupation; each guild to consist of laborers (unskilled), workmen (skilled), master workmen (foreman), and a chief.

The chiefs in Council assembled shall constitute a Board of Executive for the Colony.

The workmen, master workmen and chief of each guild shall constitute the Guild Chapel.

There shall also be a President for each Colony, elected by vote of the whole Brotherhood constituting the same, who shall be ex officio chairman of the Executive Board and of the Legislative Assembly.

The laborers shall consist of all unskillful, untried hands and apprentices; their term of probation and the conditions and manner of their admission to the rank of workmen and membership of the Guild Chapel to be regulated by each Chapel by the vote of its members.

Workmen shall consist of all skilled

workers in any craft definitely appointed to and skilled in the work thereof.

Master workmen shall consist of men chosen from the workmen for their experience, skill and intelligence in the work of their craft, and no workman shall be eligible for this office who is under twenty-five years of age and who has not served five full years as workman, except by a two-thirds vote of the Guild Chapel.

The chief shall be nominated by the President, subject to the approval of the Guild Chapel. He shall be selected from the master workmen, and shall have power to appoint his own assistant and deputies from among the master workmen, subject to the approval of the chapel.

The President shall be elected every four years by vote of the whole Brotherhood, and shall be chosen from among the members of the several guilds, by vote of which he may be put in nomination, and where there are more than two candidates, should either fail to obtain a majority, the two polling the highest votes shall be entitled to a second poll. The President shall have power to appoint and

to remove officials and appoint their successors, subject to the approval of their guilds, and to direct all the general work and management of the Colony.

Rules for the conduct of each guild shall be made by the Council of master workmen, subject to the approval of the whole Chapel.

By-laws for the conduct of the affairs of the Colony shall be made in General Assembly of Representatives, consisting of the Chief and one master workman and two workmen elected by each Guild Chapel. All by-laws to be subject to the veto of the President.

The election of the members of the General Assembly shall take place annually on the first Monday in May. The election of President shall take place on the first Monday in September.

A matrons' guild or guilds shall be formed, to whom shall be allotted the duties pertaining to education of the young, the conduct of the supply and provision store, health, medicine and amusement.

A Reserve Fund, represented by surplus assets of the Brotherhood, shall be set aside to provide for retirement in old age,

the maintenance and education of the young, the care of the sick and afflicted and for provision against unforeseen accidents and reverses.

To remove temptation from the young and opportunity for license from our midst, no spirituous or intoxicating liquor of any kind shall be bought, sold or dispensed within the limits of any Colony or Brotherhood.

No amendment to this Constitution shall take effect unless it has received the sanction of every separate guild chapel, and has been confirmed by a vote of the whole Brotherhood.

* * * * *

One clause was stricken out after a protracted discussion; it read:

"No church of any denomination of religion shall be built upon the property of the Brotherhood, and no priest, pastor or minister other than a worker shall be allowed to reside within the limits of the Communal property or receive any grant or pay from the Communal funds."

Tom Guthrie put his foot down on this, and in no form would he assent to its incorporation.

In vain Henry Cadavere wrought him-

self into a whirlwind of iconoclastic eloquence. The quiet strength of the Scottish character turned every assault as the dark rock on his ancestral shore rolls back old ocean's wave. He remained immovable in the conscious righteousness of his verdict.

Their horses ambled easily along the winding, broken, often precipitous roads of the Piedmont region, and thus they continued their debate while they drank renewed health from the perfume-laden air and enjoyment from the ever varying prospect. From forest to plantation, from hill to dale and sparkling streamlet. Now elated by some horizon bounded view, now hushed to meditative silence in the sun-rayed shadows of mighty oaks and pines whose crests met high above them in those lines of perfect grace and beauty which gave the old Abbey builders their model, and taught them how to blend simplicity with the highest ideals of graceful strength and to add a charm that awakens awe and the spirit of devotion in the breast of the worshiper.

Driven from his original standpoint, Cadavere had suggested that the clause might be amended so as to admit of the

appointment of a ministry, such as might be found desirable, from among the expired workers.

"That may come in time," was Tom's response. "Your community will grow, and when it becomes independent of the need of outside help, it will be for the members to legislate on the subject, but such restrictions as you propose have no place in the Constitution."

And then with increase of earnestness, he added: "Harry, believe me. In no form can you afford to perpetrate such an outrage against the first law of liberty—the right of freedom of conscience."

"Outrage?" queried Cadavere, "it is as a safeguard for liberty of conscience that I would impose such a law. Admit the professional religionist, and like the 'boss' in machine politics, he will put the honest thinking citizen out of Court. Mariolatry, Moriolatry and Bibliolatry make common cause against honest freedom of thought. They divide their people with hatred and agree in their hate to let one another alone, but allow no tolerance of the humble disciple of the Nazarene who would follow the light of truth


whithersoever it leadeth. It is against such intolerance I would strike."

"With greater intolerance," replied Guthrie.

This apt reference to therejoinder of the old Greek orator struck home, and Cadavere knit his brow with evident disquiet. Tom continued mildly:

"There are good men in every denomination, men who are full of mental power, who have both 'grace and gifts,' as John Wesley says, and learning also, who would be ready to accept the Brotherhood life, and by their teaching and example aid in keeping the demon of mammon worship out of your community. Your law requiring that all shall be equal socially and financially will exclude the ambitious and self-seeking. Leave it to your people to guide themselves in this matter. Your rights and duties are basis enough for a whole constitution. Do not overweight them by arbitrary interference with the principle of self-government."


"But," finally objected Cadavere, "why should we not keep the disturbing element of sectarian bigotry in the same way



that we have banished the liquor traffic for ever from our midst?"

"Since you put the question," Tom replied, "I may say that I have had my doubts of the wisdom of the prohibitory clause. I agree with that English bishop who declared that he 'would rather see Englishmen free than sober,' but, it has so many terrible arguments in its favor, and if the question were left to the vote of the community it would in all probability be the source of so much unseemly strife that I have come to the conclusion that you are right in giving it a place in the Constitution, so that every one joining may know without excuse that such a condition is exacted for the good of all.'"

Here a turn in the road brought them a first view of the fine old City of Columbia. Away to the right, the stately Santee swept on her way, her waters flecked with delicate opal tints and sparkling with a weird beauty against the dark background of the pines of the German District, whose plumed tops stood out clear and sharp against the evening sky. They entered the city as the last edge of the



red gold sun just dipping to its rest shot forth rays of blessing over town and forest and died away, leaving the lustre of the short southern twilight to link its rule with the reign of the stars.

Street after street, lined with magnificent old trees that overshadow the quiet peaceful homes each in its own garden bower, form the old town which is divided by the main business thoroughfares from a workaday district, which gives good evidence that enterprise and pluck are still left in the sorely stricken population, among whom every prominent man seems to have lost an arm, a leg or a right eye; while from its elevated position the restored State Capitol, beautiful as a shrine, looks down upon all, proud also to bear the scars of her people's Cromwell.

By mutual consent the subject was dropped, and with it the objectionable clause, and soon the hospitality of a Southern hotel and a Southern club of gentlemen made even Cadavere to feel that he was among honest hearts and honorable minds, albeit they were of the "aristocracy" of the country.

— The “fine old English gentleman” of whom many a song has been sung and tale told, survives on this side of the Atlantic in the gentleman of the South, and in the present generation he exhibits the true gold of his race, having come through the fires of a great tribulation.

— Next day they started on their homeward trip, and the strong features of Henry Cadavere assumed a yet more anxious and intent look as he viewed the nearer prospect of casting his ideas into the crucible of publicity.

VI.

" 'Tis coming up the steep of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb
lighter;
Our dust may slumber under ground,
When it wakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round,
We have heard its voice of distant
thunder;
'Tis coming; yes, 'tis coming!"
[Gerald Massey.]



CHAPTER VI.

WORKING AND WATCHING.

A week later Cadavere and Guthrie arrived in New York, full of new vigor from their two weeks' ride. Cadavere had succeeded in interesting and at the same time in repelling the cautious business mind of his friend. Tom Guthrie had received his confidence at first with a spirit of toleration and interest, as when one reads of a Utopia generally voted to be unpractical. He had not taken it quite seriously, but as he had come to a better understanding of the scope and purpose of the enterprise, he had taken more thought upon the matter, and there were questionings that came home to his inner consciousness that were not to be silenced.

The benefit which would result to hu-



manity, should such an experiment prove successful, he acknowledged and would willingly have forgotten self-interest (so he persuaded himself) could he have looked forward to the fulfillment of that prophetic vision of William Morris. But, as a business man and an employer of labor, he foresaw that disaster would fall upon those who adhered to the old order of things if this new version of "Equality and Fraternity" should take hold of the mass of the people sufficiently to become a political issue. Such changes coming from the lower strata of our disordered social system are apt to produce earthquakes in which the innocent and the guilty suffer together.

He could see that nothing less than the wiping out of the very name of capital and the utter destruction of all rights of property would satisfy the demagogues of such a movement. Bellamy's socialism he had read with a smile, but this—this was coming too near to the practical.

On the other hand, he viewed with misgivings the growth of plutocracy in its most brutal form, which received new evidence from day to day in the press. He deplored the growing disposition on

the part of those who controlled large enterprises to insist upon the utter subjugation of their employees, and the spirit of ruthless autocracy displayed by combinations of capital, trusts and monopolies, mostly directed by men of unscrupulous character and of grasping, over-reaching disposition.

Clearly, there was a parting of the ways. With whom should he cast his lot? On one side he saw anarchy, desperation, ruin, misery for all those with whom he considered himself allied in heart and mind. On the other, similar strife ending in a state of servitude and degradation for the toiling millions worse than that of Greece described by Byron as reduced to "own as master the servant of a slave."


Then hope suggested a brighter thought; would not a moderate success of Cadavere's plan guide the worker to a solution of this social problem that would gradually and peaceably redeem him from his threatened enslavement? If the principle of the Joint Stock Company could work such wonders for capital in a generation, why should not a legally established system of Joint Stock Company of Labor succeed in like manner?

Such ideas recurred again and again to Tom Guthrie in his hours of leisure and were kept alive by Cadavere, who, however, had no idea of the impression he had made, and had given up as a vain fancy what little thought he had nourished of enlisting the aid of his friend in his undertaking.

Time passed. Henry Cadavere had issued his pamphlet and prospectus, and every night after his return from his days labors, he would busy himself with correspondence or rush off to attend some meeting of labor representatives.

The pamphlet which accompanied the prospectus gave the Constitution and a description of the South Carolina property, its cost and the terms of the option, a full detailed estimate of the necessary improvements and of the cost of getting the colony into operation.

Three months passed and still Cadavere had to confess that his efforts to enlist members for the Brotherhood in any number had resulted in failure. The New Year had dawned with scarcely fifty names on the roll, yet he kept pegging away, refusing to be discouraged. About that time an arbitrary cut in the already



small wages of the glove-makers of Gloverstown led to a strike. This was closely followed by a similar trouble among the silk weavers. Cadavere visited the leaders and urged them to use their funds in organizing for work on the co-operative principle. The question was taken into consideration, and one of the representative silk weavers expressed himself as favorably disposed to it. The matter got into the newspapers, and then Cadavere met with a fresh disappointment. The employers took alarm at the threat of so dangerous a competition and yielded, and the strikers went back to work.

Two points of vantage had however been gained. The scheme had been discussed in the press, and thereby obtained a publicity not otherwise obtainable, and other labor organizations had taken cognizance of the fact that it was the trump card in the hands of the victorious work people.

Henry Cadavere's chagrin was therefore soon dissipated by finding every mail bringing an increase of interested correspondence, resulting in a rapid swelling of the membership list.

Among those who were in this way en-

listed were an English immigrant and his three sons, who were all specially skilled in the manufacture of tapes, braids, bindings and such goods, and who offered to join and give the benefit of their knowledge in starting a branch of this industry. The principal accession was from the ranks of the weavers and mill hands from Rhode Island, where the cotton industries had already begun to feel the competition of Southern enterprise. A most encouraging feature was the large proportion of those who were possessed of experience and ability which fitted them for the task of organizing the work of their several branches.

By the first of March between six hundred and seven hundred names had passed all tests and were enrolled as members, and the announcement was made to the press that the plan was to be tried. This brought on anew the discussion of its merits, and beginning with the great metropolitan dailies, the fame of it spread through the whole world.

By the end of the month the last of the thousand names had been entered on the Brotherhood roll, and the deeds of the Colony of Nazareth (the city of workers)


were in the hands of the Trust Company, and on the 10th day of April, 18—, the first contingent of the Brotherhood Army arrived on the ground.

This little party consisted of Judah Brixton (of whom we shall hear more later) and ten sturdy young fellows led by the triumphant Cadavere, with two mule teams drawing wagons piled high with tools, provisions and lumber.


It was early morning when they arrived, unheralded. Cadavere led them directly to a pre-chosen spot, where they prepared a hasty breakfast and ate their first meal together, rising therefrom to begin the work of their new life.

Before night fall a tightly roofed, smooth floored log building fitted to accommodate them was ready, and everything stowed away in its place, while upon an improvised table the plans for their future work were spread and ready for the morrow.

Then they rested, ate their supper and spent their evening exchanging congratulations and hopes and plans. When at last all the rest had laid down to their well-earned sleep, Henry Cadavere went forth into the darkness.




It might naturally be expected that such a mind as Cadavere's at such a time, and under such circumstances, would go out in meditative rapture with thoughts reaching out into the immensity of the future before him, intermingled with questionings as to whether there were not indeed a personal over-ruling providence behind those blinking stars whom he might reach with praise for the opportunities thus presented. Like all intense natures, he would crave with unutterable longing for communion with some kindred spirit. Was He whom he had known as Saviour and Christ—was He yet a truth and within reach—engaged in the same good work, the redemption of the captive poor? Oh, how he would welcome the promised guidance and wisdom! How should he reach out for it? Christian! You have have wrestled like Jacob with the Spirit of God—you who have sought light in the darkness with many tears and strivings, look deep into your heart of hearts. The spring of all your cryings after God is that same sense of utter ignorance (agnosticism, if you will) without which every soul must remain a fool before God or worse, one "wise in his own conceits."



Such ideas may have been in Cadavere's mind, he was capable of them, but if so, they were latent and found no conscious expression.

Many of the circumstances of history, the attitudes of great men on important occasions—indeed, the men themselves, as they appear in history and in popular estimation, are very different from what the bare truth would have shown them to be. Few of our heroes would occupy the pedestals of honor allotted to them if it were not for the imaginations of our popular optimists.

Cadavere went out with mind dark as the southern night itself. A face, one face only, filled his mental vision, but it changed ever and ever in his solitary vigil. Now, it was that of a bonny round-cheeked girl, full of self-willed fun, whom he had helped to make the spoiled pet of the home. Again, the round full eyes of the blossoming maiden flashed with laughing yet kindly response to his wistful fondness. Then the womanly flush and modest drooping of the lashes which veiled a bright merry glance that told of a feeling more than friendship which makes his heart beat anew. There is a



change, a shrinking, an avoidance; another fills her life as he never had. He sees the happy, hopeful face of the promised wife radiant with youthful joy and love and faith, and yet tempered with a shy sense of coming responsibilities; and then—and then—a dark shadow over all.


Oh, how dark the night is! Dark—so dark that even the tree tops are scarce distinguishable against the sky.

Once he had called her his little jewel and pointed to that bright star which fancy pictured to have been hung as a jewel on the bosom of the night, and had called upon it to witness between them. Yes, there it is just dropping into the north. Would she remember it? There, it has gone.

Again the darkness "Les tenebres." The shadows, the shadows of fear; the shadows that fall and are a burden, bearing down the soul into the abyss of the unknown; who shall bear them!

Does she feel their burden? Is it such a darkness that has come upon her?

So the strong man stands there and suffers. Helpless, hopeless, and the shadows are over all. Men sleep and dream or revel in their cups while the soul of the solitary watches through the night.



VII.

"Silently, as the gathering of a tear,
The human want will bring the helper
near;
The very weakness that it utterest need,
Of God will draw him down with strength
indeed."

—Gerald Massey.





CHAPTER VII.

THE DARKEST HOUR.


Tom Guthrie had become a regular Sunday evening visitor at the Morris home, and week by week as the character of Gertrude Morris unfolded itself he became conscious of having found the one woman in his life who compelled from him that worshiping whole-souled adoration which we recognize to be the highest form of love.

Early in life he had been left by the death of his father to bear the burden of responsibility and the cares attached to the supervision of a large and growing business, and for ten years his whole time had been well filled between his daily occupation and a home in which a good and fond mother watched over his every want and comfort.

Now that she had passed away, and while her loss was yet fresh upon him, like Jacob of old, he had gone out at eventide and met her whom his higher father had destined to be his life's companion, and it was natural that he soon came to feel that his world would not be complete until she had taken her place by his side.

And Gertrude! There was no shyness, no coldness, no reserve in her; indeed, she showed in many ways that her heart responded, and that all the tendrils of her gentle womanly nature had gone forth and twined themselves about the strong, vigorous manhood which had come into her life.

Yet was there a something that held him aloof; a something that seemed to deny him the words, the hopes and the privileges of a lover, and that forbade him putting all to the test of an open proposal of marriage. What was it? Did she fear him? No! Her whole manner contradicted that. Was it only maidenly modesty? There was something more than such a reserve would call for. Did he read her rightly, or were those flashes of soul tenderness and those quiet con-




fidences only part of her life, just some sympathetic reflections of his own ardent thoughts in which a friendship coupled with grateful maidenly courtesy was the emotion, rather than the love he had hoped for?

With some such disturbing thoughts, Tom Guthrie sauntered over to what had become a regular Sunday evening tryst at Henry Cadavere's lodgings, where we first met them.

Cadavere had returned to Brooklyn to close up affairs in the North and make his final transfer to the new colony. He was out when Tom arrived, but had left word for him to wait, so Tom entered the simply furnished parlor and dropped into a convenient chair beside the desk, at which he knew the absent one used to spend much of his leisure time.

Close to his hand he found a well-worn manuscript book labelled "Notes by the Way," and opening it in familiar curiosity discovered a most heterogeneous collection of scraps, quotations, statistics, jottings in prose and verse, intermingled with much original matter of either kind, some uncomplete, some altered and re-altered, until almost unreadable, and here



and there an entry scored through as though rejected upon later consideration.

One of the last entries attracted his attention and he stopped to read:

A SARCASM IN STONE.

God of old, so we are told, took counsel
with the devil,

Re Job, so please excuse if I work on that
level;

One Sabbath night while walking in the
city's poorest bounds,

I met the mystery of Evil in his rounds;
And, seeking knowledge of evil as of good,
I asked him where his town headquarters
stood;

And where his banner district was lo-
cated,


Where goodness was least loved, most
hated.

"Tis far from here," said he, "here, 'tis
all my labor


To keep my people in their sin and
squalor;

Kindly deeds and loving sacrifices snatch-
ing


Many safe souls who, in woes hatching,
My uptown servants cost no little
trouble,



And much proves wheat that I had
counted stubble;
'Tis true the field has been well sown
with tares,
Yet, spite my care, good seed will grow
there unawares;
Come! I will show you where my strong
plants grow,
And where the good wheat has but little
show."
We rose, and hovering in the darkened
air,
O'er smooth paved street and avenue and
square;
Passing by mansions and palaces delecta-
ble,
Their tenants wealthy, cultured and re-
spectable,
We reached a stately temple whose
shapely tapering spire
Like a modern Babel defied the mocked
Almighty's ire;
Not as the heathen fanes of old, its every
line and feature,
Designed to please the eye and sense of
the Creator? No, the creature;
Soft cushioned seats and velvet floors of
colors rich and bright,



The scent of perfumes in the air, all luxury and light;
The beautiful and cultured were gathered in that throng,
While the sweet-voiced organ's varied notes inwove a sweeter song.
'Mid rustling silks and flashing gems in fashions rich and gay,
With opera stars to chant God's praise and a Curate neat to pray;
"These all are mine!" my mentor cried,
"Elders, people, priest,
And they who stand the highest are they I fear for least.
Yon Judas there who holds the bag to each with smiling cheek,
He starves his working girls to vice on just three dollars a week;
His son, the father's pride and joy, e'en now at home has stayed,
Seeking by force and fraud to make a harlot of the maid.
Who, when by nature's fatal law his evil work found out,
(Sad type of the sin bearer) they into the street will flout;
Making themselves most surely unto the end of time,



Full consenting partners in their off-
springs crime.

His colleague is a usurer with sancti-
monious mien,

To grind his victims he employs a law-
yer sharp and keen;

He stands aloof, but takes the cash, and
thinketh, oh, vain fool, .

The Almighty will not know, but wreak
his vengeance on a tool;

The rest all pass the suffering by and
flatter their propriety,

By giving a contribution to a charitable
society;

Deeming the first of virtues in their or-
thodoxy,

As something unimportant that may be
done by proxy.

As well may men presume by indulgences
forsooth,

To purchase what they lack of honesty
and truth."

While yet he spake my wandering eye
marked one whose look adoring,

Seemed for purity and truth and holy life
imploring.

"Stop, Satan, surely that sweet face can
know no evil mood,



Such innocence and trusting love can
worship only good."

"Ha! ha! for her I fear not; to-morrow's
ball will cure,

'Mid looks and embraces all insidious and
impure;

Or, if they fail, what matter, next season
at the sea,

Will work my work full surely and bind
her safe for me.

See there, her mother at her side, she
once felt the taint,

Now she runs the church bazaars and
thinks herself a saint;

But, mark the preacher and his words,
how the rounded periods swell,

How, like the gambler when in doubt he
takes the cue, 'play Hell!'


Meandering mild platitudes to give the
greater power,

To clippings from "Great Thoughts" at
five hundred dollars an hour;

And now in wrath he thunders forth with
fury in his eye,

At sin, but sin that's far away, his own he
passes by;

Damns the wickedness of the poor and
ignorance and crime,



With pride and greed and sensuous lust
before him all the time;
Church of the Holy Innocents! Aye, true
and dead as they,
And damned as safe as if in Hell, and I
held fast the key!"

He fled and I was left alone to muse on
man's dark blindness,
Hoping for hope to nurse my faith in
eternal loving kindness;
While the deep voiced organ came to me
as the music of a groan,
That told of the poor's dark curse at the
door of that 'Sarcasm Built in
Stone.' "

While he read Cadavere entered and
came and looked over his shoulder.

"There is too much truth in it!" was
Tom's comment. "But it is Satan's the
adversary's truth. You must have had
something to upset you when you wrote
that?" he added questioning.

"There are days of bitterness even in
the life of a philosopher," returned Cada-
vere with a sigh, "when it seems as
though the fattened kine of evil doers
would eat up all our poor lean efforts for
good. Who is it that says;

"We too have autumns when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in
 sheaves
And we stand reaped and bare."

It was in some such mood as this that
I penned those lines, but the ink was
scarcely dry before I stood reproved. I
have told that part of the story also in
verse, you have read one part, you may as
well see the other."

He turned over the page and Tom read:

FORGIVENESS.

I sat in the evening cool
Of a heat-baked city street;
Musing and watching a little pair
Who played on the walk at my feet;
A boy, the elder, of strong, rough mold,
And his sister, a blossom sweet.

When just in the midst of their play,
Came an angry cry and a blow,
That bruised the cheek of the little maid,
And caused bright tears to flow;
And brought from my lips quick, sharp
 reproof,

On the boy who had acted so.




And he stood by sullen and hard,
While the maid soon dried her tear,
He looked at her with an angry eye,
She timidly, drew near;
"Don't be cross, Johnny!" (a little sob),
"Let me forgive 'oo, dear!"

And the cloud has passed and gone,
And again they play on the street,
And the strong, rough boy has a kinder
 mien,
And brighter the maiden sweet,
While a whisper has come from the heart
 of God,
To a man, a man on the street.

"Yes, that is more like you, Harry, but what is the matter with you? You have not been yourself of late. You have overworked yourself, I fear. I know your powers and fierce energy, but you may go too far."

"Work? No! I would I had more," replied Cadavere, and he turned away.

Tom was touched to the quick by the utter soul desolation which was conveyed by these words and the manner of the speaker. He had come looking for friendly sympathy himself, but he now thought only of what that trouble could



be which seemed to be breaking down the indomitable spirit of his friend.


He rose and went over to Cadavere's side, and putting a hand on his shoulder, offered the other.

"Trust me, Harry!"

There was a suspicion of a tear in Cadavere's deep gray brown eyes as he took the proffered hand, pressed it and returned his friend to his seat. His voice was low and forced.

"You do not know what you ask, Tom! I have sought to attain to the pure light of reason, and the highest ideal of life which my poor mind can conceive and aspire to. Forgiveness! Yes! I have tried to pity rather than condemn those who work evil; but the verdict of my ancestors has been against me. I am let and hindered even in thought.

"I have noticed your attachment for Gertrude, and it makes me glad, very; but Tom, if your loved one were to be won from you just as you began to hope for a return of years of affection; if you came to see her eyes gladden and her merry bright cheeks flush with the expectation of another's coming; if you then conquered yourself and taught your heart




that you were foolish and should rejoice that she had found happiness in a man nearer her own age who was able to give her all the comforts of wealth, and whom she could love with her whole heart! and then! and then! to see her struck down like a flower of the prairie before the scorching breath of the fire scourge, jilted and forsaken as not good enough, and her plighted husband shipped off to the west; to see her day by day getting whiter and thinner and sadder, and you only able to stand by with your heart burning to heal the wound; but avoided, shunned, helpless—"

And then as something seemed to flash into his mind, he started to his feet.

"Oh, God! I cannot bear it."

"Courage, Harry, courage. I had no idea of this, but time will heal the hurt for her, and you will yet reap the reward of your faithfulness."

They were weak, commonplace words, and Tom felt it as he spoke, but he was unable to say more. The revelation seemed to stun him. Silently, the two walked down the street, scarcely a word passing between them all the way. The cloud which had rested over Tom Guth-



rie's mind, and the shock of his friend's confession, alike giving way as he approached the home of his good angel. But Cadavere entered the house with the darkness still upon him.

He talked with his usual kindly humor to Mrs. Morris, leading her mind into channels he knew she loved to dwell upon, but his usual "sheaf of corn," as Mrs. Morris had once described the little budget of happy thoughts he would bring to entertain her with, was missing.

When the family gathered for the song service in the parlor, he became so abstracted that Mr. Morris gave up the effort of conversation and listened to the singing.

All is quiet. The tick of the clock on the mantle shelf and the dull murmur of the outside world reach the ear, then another burst of song from the fresh young voices in the parlor comes through the open doors in heart-touching praise:

"One there is above all others,

Oh, how He loves!

His is love beyond a brother's,

Oh, how He loves!

Earthly friends may fall and leave us,



One day please, the next day grieve us;
But this friend will ne'er deceive us,
Oh, how He loves!—"

What is that?—a sob?—they start—
In the shadow of the doorway a slight
girlish figure is standing solitary.

"Mary?" cries the surprised father.

The figure moves obediently into the room with a whispered: "Yes, father," and an effort to conceal her tear-stained eyes. She looks up and then—what is the terrible import of the brief flash of question and answer spoken from eye to eye without words between them? Why the gasping cry as the father sinks stricken upon the hearth rug? Why does Cadavere catch his breath and turn white to the lips? What does she mean as with a low wail of bitter anguish she casts herself upon the prostrate form?

"Father! pity! pity! I loved him so! and he did so promise."

The father raises himself with a gesture of anger as though to repulse her, but one comes between and whispers in her ear, and taking a hand of either presses that of the girl.

"Will you let me? for my sake! Yo



know how long I have loved you—always!”

A fresh burst of sobs and tears is his answer. He raises her head for an instant and presses a kiss between her eyes.

“All shall be well; trust me.”

He must leave them, for he has heard a low moan from the inner room, but when he does so, the daughter's head is bowed in the arms of fatherly compassion. That father, in anger no longer, is abstractedly stroking back the soft brown hair, thinking of her only as the brightest and sunniest home pet whom he had ever been so ready to spoil, and weeping tears of tenderness and hope.

When the music ceased and the girls trooped in, Gertrude and Tom Guthrie following with the happy faces of conscious lovers, they found the lights turned low, their father sitting by his wife's side with his hand clasped in hers, Cadavere overshadowing them, while Mary slips from his detaining hand and escapes upstairs. All are strangely silent. Cadavere cuts short their leave-taking, and when in the street turned to Tom:

“Excuse me, dear fellow; but I want to

VIII.


"There are great truths that pitch their
shining tents
Outside our walls, and though but dimly
seen
In the gray dawn, they will be manifest,
When the light widens into perfect day."



CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST STREAKS OF DAWN.

Three months have passed since that first day when the advance guard of the industrial army entered upon their labors. A strong crib-dam has been built, giving availability to enough of the water power to run a saw and planing mill. The estate has been surveyed and laid out for improvement. Roads have been cleared and graded. A large building for use temporarily as a men's boarding-house has been put up, and a long row of neat cottages skirting the high bluff opposite the mill sites are in course of construction. A number of men are working daily in the excavation of the canal. Others are laying the foundations of a mill. The ring of the axe is heard in the woods. From the improvised gardens thrifty



housewives are gathering the first fruits of vegetables. Cattle are feeding in the pasture. The chanticleer calls the worker from his rest with the dawn of day, and happiest omen of all, the laughter of children, that clarion note of true liberty, is borne on the warm summer air.

Henry Cadavere watched over every detail with sleepless vigilance, having a keen eye to utilizing by preference the natural resources at his disposal and dealing out the funds under his charge with jealous thrift.


He was assisted by a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who had been one of the pioneer party. This was Judah Brixton.

Cadavere had made young Brixton's acquaintance at the Morris's, to whom he, Brixton, had become known as a singularly earnest and faithful member of the Salvation Army, in which organization he was held in high esteem, although he had ever refused to abandon his occupation as engineer in the Brooklyn factory, in which he was employed, for higher rank in the Army.

Brixton had entered heartily into Cadavere's plans, and had been chosen for his

sterling faithfulness, as well as for his clear headed, common sense way of treating things in general. But when Cadavere chose him for his lieutenant, he little suspected what a powerful and benign influence this sturdy blue-eyed fellow-worker would exercise not only over his own life, but the whole future welfare of the Brotherhood.

Brixton regarded Cadavere with mingled compassion and reverence, taking his more cutting criticisms of time-worn theologies as one takes a bath and seeking to purge his spiritual sense thereby, and to raise his own ideal of Christ and the Christian life that it might gather in all that was beautiful and holy and self-sacrificing. Often he would acknowledge a humiliation of soul as the narrow bigoted ideas of God, which he had imbibed in the past, were shown up in all their absurdity and earthiness before Cadavere's higher ideals. It was with a positive sense of shame that he would ask himself how it was that this man, whom men ostracised as little better than an infidel, should have so much higher and purer ideas of God and of the mind of Christ than he who professed to be one of




his followers. At the same time he never for one instant allowed his faith in the main doctrines of "Redemption by the sacrifice of the Cross," "The fellowship and guidance of the Spirit," and the "Personal communion of the believer with God and the Saviour" to be disturbed. I say "allowed." He would have smiled at the very suggestion. As well question the origin of the sun's rays or deny its existence every time a cloud passes between.

His words with Cadavere were therefore few; but among his fellow-workers he exhibited a remarkable power of eloquence. As he spoke his voice would tremble with the emotion incidental to intense earnestness, which in him was inseparable from thought upon divine things.

Now and then Judah would break through his reserve with Cadavere, but as it seemed to him with little effect. On one occasion (to take an example) he burst in upon his friend, exclaiming excitedly:

"I have just come from poor Harry Macdonald's bedside. He is gone. He died triumphant. Oh! one such death as his is worth all your theories. Your en-



environment and heredity are but paper walls. The living spirit of Christ knows no such prison, and in the hour of death it fills the poor sinner with eager shouting. Oh, it was glorious.'

The old smile, so tender, so sympathetic, and yet so full of humor, hovered about the corners of Cadavere's mouth and sparkled in his eyes as he replied kindly:

"Judah, I sincerely hope you may rejoice in such a happy end; doubtless you will, you are living for it; but, for my part, I would rather pass through the solemn hour more quietly. When I come to die, I would choose to be alone or with just one faithful hand in mine, and thus silently sink into peaceful sleep in simple assurance of the goodness of the All-Father into whose hands I then resign the work of life. My faith in God calls for no artificial creed nor edited Gospel, neither does it desire any hypnotic tomtom beating to deaden the agony of the death struggle.


"As to environment and heredity. The power of your religion over them has to be tested in a man's life time. A very small proportion of all the generations of

mankind have known greater spiritual privileges than you and I, and remember, 'To whom much is given, of him much will be required.' Judah, are you prepared to accept a personal responsibility for the work of the Spirit in your life? I am not."

On the other hand, the witness of the life of this true-hearted man, the witness of a life in which Henry Cadavere's highest standards were expounded and demonstrated in a spirit which was happier and more constant than his own, soon began to have its effect upon the iconoclast. This man lived in the day; he groped in the night. He may have found the bow of Hercules, but this man had the power to bend it. What has he missed?

He sought back over his own life. Yes, he had known something of the daylight once, but now the night grew darker and darker when he had thought the morning should be at hand. Tom Guthrie with his educated mind, standing on the same plane with himself, and with an unquestioned record as a true Christian gentleman, had never moved him as did this plain son of the people.

So as time passed it was Cadavere's



turn to feel humiliated. Again and again he would note how his pupil would reach out and grasp with a ready mind the best application of his teachings, and give them a reality that suggested a more than human wisdom. And while he in himself seemed ever to feel the burden of unrest, this Judah wore the clear countenance which betokens an abiding inward peace.

During those months of daily companionship it seemed to Cadavere that his good angel of the past had been quickened into working vigor, that the spirit of Susannah Morris had found a new outlet. Was it then one spirit that shone in both? Shone? He remembered Tom Guthrie's allegory. Could it be possible that he had been shutting his eyes to the light which shone through his own soul also?

* * * * *

Another year passes by and we now find the Colony in full organization. Every one has shaken down to his and her work; there are no idlers. A few drew back, a few others were "desired" to resign. Some twelve hundred souls were, however, permanently enlisted in this mighty experiment. President, Chiefs

and Representatives had been chosen in due form. Henry Cadavere had refused nomination for the highest office, and had been assigned at his own request to be Chief of the Guild of Accounts and Finance. Judah Brixton filled with credit the place of Chief of the Guild of Engineers, while the Presidency was awarded by general consent to Gerald Pomeroy, to whose ability and unobtrusive care and attention they owed the successful establishment of their first manufacturing industry.

In the first of a row of neat semi-detached cottages as you pass over the bridge from the big mill, we find a little household composed of Henry Cadavere, Mary, his wife; "Baby Harry," Judah Brixton and the solemn-faced Jennie; while the remainder of the Morris family occupied the adjoining section of the building. "The boys" are "home again."


It is Saturday evening, the sun is just setting behind the opposite hill. Henry Cadavere and "old man" Morris are smoking and chatting in the doorway. Judah is at Mrs. Morris' front parlor window keeping her company; George and John are "fixing round" the garden

plot. Jennie and her sisters are within preparing supper for their respective households, and Gertrude and Mary are out on the front walk sharing the care of the baby and exchanging sisterly confidences. Mary is the bonny-cheeked, bright-eyed Mary once more; but Gertrude looks paler and thinner than when we saw her last. Her eyes still beam brightly with that loving kindness which illuminates her every thought, word and deed. The same sweet smile plays around her mouth as she speaks, but when she looks away toward the setting sun there is a sad story in that look.

The shadows have begun to darken, the tinkling of the supper bells are heard down the street; a few stragglers are hurrying homewards. Suddenly Gertrude starts, utters a low exclamation, and then hurries indoors. Mary turns in surprise to find the cause of this strange proceeding, and perceives a tall, manly form crossing the wooden foot-bridge with strong rapid strides. As he approaches she recognizes the visitor, and announces:

"Mr. Guthrie."

What a bustling was then; what a welcome, indeed; such a hand-shaking and




laughing and hurrying to and fro, and questioning and news-telling and disputing for the privilege of being host.

Of course, his destination was understood by the smiling Cadavere, who made a great show of resistance, and then with a merry twinkling in his eyes, yielded him to the tender mercies of the Morris wing. Then, of course, all were to take supper together. All this much to the discomfort of Jennie, who bewailed the resulting damage to her culinary efforts.

Tom found his place beside Gertrude. They had little opportunity for conversation, but there was such a happy purpose in Tom's look and manner, such firm tenderness in his secret hand pressure, that Gertrude's eyes were brighter than usual and her hand trembled as she presided over the feast.

They had no opportunity of being alone that evening, and Tom gave no clue to the object of his visit in the general conversation, but when he added to his whispered good night:

"I want to speak to you in the morning; Gertrude knew what it was, and went to bed full of happy hope and gladness.



Tom was up with the birds and went out onto the cliff walk among the trees. He had not waited long before Gertrude came blushing to his side.

Without a word he caught both her hands in his and pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

"Gertrude, my beautiful darling. You know what I have come to say; I can wait no longer. I am come to cast my lot with you here. You know how I love you. Will you be my wife at once?"

Her head had fallen on his shoulder. She looked up with a timid modest flush.

"I am so happy."

He kissed her again and again.

"Tom, I could not leave mother. I—I—"

"There, I know; never mind, it is all well now."


He sighed to think how hard had been the lesson.

"You will not be sorry, I am sure. You cannot think how happy we all are here."

"When shall it be?"

"Oh, Tom!"

They moved away among the trees. Why follow them? The bud had blossomed; the morning light had come



at last, breaking through the clouds and now filled all their horizon.

The dew of past sorows and heart aches glistened in the sunshine of their new day. Their souls had awakened as from night of sleep fresh for a new life's duties. They were pledged for time and eternity. Heaven, the heaven of a home of true love and soul sympathy, was before them.

IX.

• • • • •
Can I be happy in that day of days,
And know that one poor soul is lost for
me;
Can I join in that blessed hymn of
praise,
While one, for me, shall unforgiven be;
Can I a full glad shout of triumph raise,
While one is absent from that Christmas
tree?
Can I? Can'st thou? Dear Master, how
could men,
So turn Thy good to evil and Thy grace
To human frailty? How could pen
Ascribe to Thee a Hell of Torture for
Man's race,
And make of Thee our Satan, our accuser,
when
We turn for pity to Thy loving face!
We learn of Thee forgiveness, and wilt
Thou
Stand between us and the joy we give?
Wilt Thou deny Thyself, Thy prayer,
whose brow,
The thorns still pressed "Father, for-
give?"
Shall we not all before Thy mercy bow,
And be like Thee and learn of Thee to
live?

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CHAPTER IX.

RAY'S FROM THE UNSEEN.

Tom Guthrie sold out all his interests in the North and placed his entire fortune at the disposal of the Brotherhood, only taking security in the shape of a trust deed, stipulating that in case any unforeseen circumstances should bring about a dissolution of the community during the lifetime of himself, his wife or his children, the property should be liable for the amount. He also brought with him into the Brotherhood a number of his best hands, mechanics, foremen and others, and more important to the Brotherhood than all, he brought the particular experience and business sense acquired by his long management of his own and his father's business.

The result was that a new impulse was



given to the prosperity of the Colony, which grew rapidly, reaching out to the surrounding land on either side of the river, and adding industry to industry until it became a matter of concern to the founders how to weld the new material into the body communal and to maintain true and faithfully the principles of the Constitution. Many matters involving important precedents came up from time to time. In all these matters Tom Guthrie proved his worth as an organizer and as a prudent cautious counselor.

Cadavere also exercised a strong influence in shaping the laws and policy of the Brotherhood. He had always a single eye to those principles upon which he had founded the undertaking. By them he squared every stone of the superstructure as the builders proceeded. Among other matters, the question of church building had come forward. He assented to their establishment at first with considerable reluctance, but time and the altered circumstances under which they lived discovered to him the various religious committees in a light he had rather hoped for than believed possible, so that his mental attitude under-

went a change. Ultimately the time came when he was called upon to voice this change, and he did so unflinchingly and with no uncertain note.

A small proportion of the community were of the Roman Catholic faith, and in response to their desire, a priest of that denomination applied for the privilege of working among his people under the same rules which had been laid down in the matter of the Salvationists, the Methodists, the Baptists and the Presbyterians. This gave rise to considerable opposition among the Protestant element, and when the matter came up in the Executive Council, it looked as if his opposition might prevail. The Council Hall was thronged. Tom Guthrie, as President, occupied the chair, and Henry Cadavere sat in his seat on the extreme right, silently listening to the debate, his head resting upon his hand. The priest, a small man with face that proclaimed the ascetic, but whose clear gray eyes spoke only of sincerity, truth and love, stood near him, answering with mild patience the questions directed to him by the various members.


There came a lull, and Cadavere's

name was called repeatedly. He rose with some hesitation, his face clouded as with some inward struggle.

Judah Brixton felt troubled as he met the sadly solemn eyes. Judah, led away by his fellow-Salvationists, had taken a lead in opposing the admission of the priest, and although Cadavere had been strangely reticent over the matter, he had counted on his assistance. But he saw at once that he had been mistaken.

Henry Cadavere stepped out from his place, and by so doing placed himself ominously by the side of the waiting churchman. As he did so, it seemed as though the cloud lifted, and when he began to speak his face lighted with some of his old enthusiasm.

He spoke slowly and with gentle tenderness. He told the story of his antagonism to all forms of Church Christianity, and specially of the debate with Guthrie over that rejected clause of the Constitution. Then he pictured the Mammon curse which rested on the churches and the world without, and compared them with the circles of loving worshipers living in brotherly kindness in their midst. He spoke of his friendship with the faith-



ful men who ministered in holy things in the different schools of Christian thought among them. He told of his own change of heart and mind. How that now he loved to be owned as a brother with them all; that he had learned that whatsoever things are just and true, whatsoever things are pure and honorable, whatsoever things are lovable and of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any need of praise to think on these things.

Then he referred to the great and good men who had blessed the earth in these later days. He spoke of Wesley and Wilberforce, of Livingstone and Beecher and Catherine Booth, and turning to the priest, he continued:

"And has his church no bright saint in these days? Nay. If they lack the light of reason, they at least rejoice in a full measure of the light of love. Years ago, I stood by a bedside in a hospital when the smallpox was raging in London, England. It was the hospital of the 'Little Sisters of the Poor.' They had converted their asylum for the aged and infirm into a refuge for the plague stricken. When the 'thin red line' at Waterloo held the hosts

of Bonaparte in check, as each man fell another came and stepped into his place; but from that bedside four tender-souled girls were stricken down by the loathsome pest, and yet another with heart aflame with love and with a heroism the bravest warrior has never paralleled, stepped into the place.

"Recently one of their greatest has gone to his rest. I speak of Cardinal Manning, 'the friend of the poor.' It is true he was rather a follower of Jesus the Nazarene than a Christian in the modern sense. His life was as far removed from that of the average Fifth Avenue preacher as that of the Master was from the Sadducean luxury of Caiaphas. He fasted that he might think of the hungry. He toiled and watched in weariness and loneliness that he might feel with the overworked and Mammon-ruled poor. He cut himself off from all home joys and comforting ministrations that he might have more time for pleading the cause of the widowed and fatherless, the homeless and down trodden. He gave his great mind, not to intellectual enjoyments, for which it must have craved with strong appetite equally with those of his con-

temporaries, Newman and Gladstone, but to the problems of the gutter and its denizens, to sympathy with the suffering and with those who had no friend. How to reclaim the lost. How to raise the fallen. How to defend the oppressed and give the laborer his wage. Great indeed among the mighty minds of this generation, honors, power, sycophancy, the baits of ambition, all failed to tempt him. He made himself of no estate that he might purify his church, and be simply the friend of the poor.

"Brethren, believe me, as my friend here (indicating Tom Guthrie) once reminded me. It is the same light that shines through all who live the selfless life. Though some give it one color and some another, there is but one light and one source of light. In one individual it may be manifested in the azure tints of home peace and patience and tenderness; in another, in the red glow of an out-reaching enthusiasm of humanity; in a third, in the golden radiance of a Godward praise and worship. But in all it is the one light and it is good.


"Coming home to the principles of your Constitution, the principles of justice, fair

play and equal rights for all, how can we deny this man his prayer? No! no! He comes in love and honesty, willing to observe our laws and become one of us. He asks no special privilege. He claims no more than we all. I believe him to be a sincere disciple of the good man I have referred to. Cast him out? How can I cast him out and remain myself? Brethren, do not do this great wrong. I cannot think you will so vote. If I have done any of you a wrong in the past, let me now show how I repent of that wrong, and bid me be first to give to our friend here the right hand of fellowship and say 'Brother, welcome.' "

There was a hush as Cadavere resumed his seat. Was this the agnostic, the iconoclast, the freethinker? No one spoke. They were pricked to the heart, not as were the rulers of old. No! The elements of Mammon-fed pride and Pharisaic superiority and consequent intolerance were wanting, and when the President put the question to the vote, there was not a dissenting voice.

* * * * *

Mary had learned to love her husband with a reverent devotion. In her self-



willed gaiety of heart she might have been spoiled by the tender indulgent worship with which Cadavere met every whim, every naughty outburst or impatient word. There was something in the wistful, watchful attention with which he ministered to her waywardness that touched the best strings of her nature, and she felt that behind the all embracing, passionate love of the husband there was a wisdom she could trust as a daughter looks up to a father, and to whose sympathetic counsel she could come with all her confidence as she once had to her mother.

Little Harry grew strong and sturdy and with a disposition that promised all that his mother could desire. Full of high spirits and restless curiosity, he was yet free from any spirit of mischief, and was generous to a fault, and what made her most happy, devotedly attached to Cadavere, with whom he loved to talk, and be told of the thousand and one things that came into his child's mind.

Another ray of blessing had come into their home in a little girl baby, to whom Cadavere gave Mrs. Morris's name of Susannah, and a "lily" she was indeed with


her bright flaxen curls and merry laugh; so it seemed that happiness reigned supreme in all their little world.

Cadavere often pondered over the change which the new life had wrought in him. His daily contact with such living witnesses of the blessedness of a true faith in the crucified one told upon him daily. His conscience would answer to theirs, and although reason forbade assent to any of the crude creeds of orthodoxy, yet he became conscious of a personal fellowship and common union of spirit with the man, Christ Jesus, that was very real.

Often in his Sabbath morning walks his worship, awe, and soul prayer, were fully as earnest and heaven piercing as any that went up from the neighboring sanctuaries. Would the light come? It was coming, but with the breaking of the dawn; there were dark clouds gathering; yet they were clouds that would make the morn yet more glorious when the light broke through.

* * * * *

"Mother is dying." What a sad, sad whisper is that. Who shall ever dry up the fountain that is opened in the dark



hour when those words are spoken. Mother! mother! Yes, the tears will still flow, fresh as on the day we laid you to rest. Mother! Sweet name! that pledges us to the hereafter. We cannot fail of hope in the God that made thee so good. Are we not still linked with thee. Our souls to thine as thou art to the All Beneficent!

* * * * *

Years before, Henry Cadavere had laid his own mother to rest, yet it seemed but yesterday. Between her and himself there had been no ordinary bond of affection. The friend he was now to lose had by her counsel and sympathy filled much of the void left in his life by that event. Mrs. Morris was passing away. The silver cord had been gently loosening; the last strands were slipping away and the freed spirit was preparing to take its flight into the unseen.

It is the last hour. All are there, husband and children and children's children. Tom Guthrie and Henry Cadavere stand with the rest.

One by one she calls them to the bedside and blesses them in the "laying on of hands." Gertrude brings her little first

born. Mary kneels to present her boy, and the little toddling Susan, John and George follow, and so down to the youngest. To each the sacred rite is administered and a word of parting given.

"John!"

The voice is scarcely audible, but the old gray-headed husband and father hears it, and bows down upon her bosom in his grief. The feeble white arm creeps round his neck and rests there.

"Harry!"

Cadavere takes the other hand for a moment, and as he presses it in reply, memories, memories, memories rush on him like a flood, and the strong man trembles and bows down like a sapling smitten by the hurricane.

"The morning cometh," she whispers.

There is silence. Then Gertrude remembers, and she begins to sing in low soft tones.

"Steal away to Jesus."

The others join and the home choir fills the little room with the old familiar sounds.

Hush, she speaks.

"Kiss me, John!"

The head rests back with a happy

smile as the lips move in silent prayer.

Again the sacred song rises in sweet harmony.

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night it thou be near."

Suddenly she raises herself; her face shines for a moment as if the rays of the morning sun had fallen upon it.

"Oh, so bright—I see—"

It has gone, whatever it was, and with it her rejoicing soul has gone also—whither?

* * * * *


The death of Mrs. Morris exercised a powerful influence upon Henry Cadavere in bringing him once more face to face with Christ and the religions called by his name.

Her parting promise and prophecy echoed through his soul with assurances of early fulfillment. Her last words, so strangely problematic, took hold upon him. How could the poor blind eyes see? There was no nerve there even for a brain-conceived hallucination to feed upon. Had the soul indeed a power of vision into the unseen world? Impossible! Doubtless it was referable to an activity of the cerebral pole of the perished

nerve as when one "feels" a lost arm or leg. But the light? Well, doubtless that would be naturally explainable. And yet, why insist on referring these things to a physical brain and nerve phenomenon? Can we have no evidence of the existence of a "soul" (not a mere life essence, but an individuality), except that afforded by heredity? When we put ourselves into the absolute unconsciousness of sound sleep, is there not an inner "ego" that never sleeps? If not, how is it that we can awaken ourselves at a given time and under given circumstances? A city mother will sleep soundly amid the roar of street traffic, and even when an "L" train rushes past with sudden crash she hears nothing of it, but at the first wail of the baby at her side she rouses.

With a strange sense of longing, of hope, of tender expectation that the promise she had made would be fulfilled, and that the peace, the blessedness she enjoyed might yet lighten his own inner world, Henry Cadavere placed a simple headstone over the resting place of his departed friend and wrote:

"The morning cometh!"
beneath the inscription.



Yet surely it was a vain promise that the morning should come! rather the night and the darkness increaseth, for there was yet another trial, more bitter because more unlooked for, to come upon him and his home.

Only a child's death! not an uncommon event as the world goes. Yet, think not light of it, reader! Do you know what such an event may mean to any of us in our world? Some mother's hand has written:

"If he should die!
Should die? I had not thought of that;
Why there would be
No baby in the world! To cry,
You say and trouble me;
No baby in the world! That's all, you say,
Our baby out of it; oh, hush, I pray."

Ah, yes, what desolation is in the very thought; part of ourselves, part of our souls, part of the very light of life has gone out. Who shall measure the loss of that little frail whisp of golden-haired sunshine to a man like Henry Cadavera. Was there a purpose in the guiding-hand? Unknown to himself, his face was toward the morning. He was reaching out to the unknown, and the nails of a cross pierced

his hand. Was there a purpose in it? Was it indeed true as the wife spoke when she sought to comfort him? One was drawing him yet closer into fellowship for work yet to be done. .

He shed many tears in silence and in secrecy, yet he wrote over his lost darling:

Here Lies the Body of
SUSANNAH,
Daughter of
MARY AND HENRY CADAVERE,

Died January 20th, 18—,

Aged 6 Years and 7 Months.

"My beloved has been into His garden
to gather lilies," and has chosen mine.

X.

He best knoweth how to live
Who knoweth how to die,
Who sinks all self beneath the tide
Of time without a sigh.
The "man of sorrows," burden-bearer,
Had joy beyond our ken,
E'en while He cried "I thirst!" was yet
The happiest of men.
Who from the cross of fevered pain
Or 'neath the scourge of shame
Will look beyond the thought of self,
Have peace without a name,
If they but live to bless their kind,
But labor for their God;
They know a heaven that will not change
When laid beneath the sod!






CHAPTER X.

PER VIAS RECTAS.

Year by year the Brotherhood continued to increase in numbers and prosperity. Step by step Cadavere and his friends perfected and strengthened the growing organization, and with tireless industry and thrift guarded its policy and its finances. Every new accession to its ranks was put into training and discipline, and in due time assigned the place and duty best suited to his capabilities. So Nazareth became a city, and the time came round when a new goal had to be set and a new greater, grander policy attempted; nothing short of the capture of the entire State.

The conditions of membership were relaxed until any citizen of the United States might be admitted without pay-



ment by vote of either of the guild chapels, when the members found themselves in a position to assume the responsibility of giving the candidate work.

A campaign of education was undertaken, in which Cadavere, Judah Brixton and others found a useful sphere of labor which with the organization of branch colonies occupied the best part of their time. These new branch colonies were generally started by detailing a squad of experienced chiefs and carefully chosen assistants, whose training in the home colony proved invaluable in giving a right start and homogeneity to the new centers of industry.

The Brotherhood then made an attack on the Legislature, and in this new departure their policy was one of independent friendliness to the dominant farmers' party, to whom they were not slow in showing the benefits likely to accrue from the developments of the cotton manufacturing industries which formed the staple of the Brotherhood enterprise and which gave them a market for their produce at their own doors.

The demands which were put forward were simple and called for nothing more



serious than that the State should become the trustee of all the communal properties and that any community might by two-thirds vote of its citizens become a co-operative corporation under certain restrictions. The growth of the Socialist "idea" was also fostered by securing State control of all railroads, water ways and mines, and the acquisition of all unimproved lands.

In the work of this long and arduous campaign, and in the cares which came as the communal colonies multiplied and the movement advanced, Cadavere and his associates were given a free hand by the Central Executive, but found little time for relaxation. It was, however, a rare experience for Henry Cadavere to allow the Sabbath to pass without finding him back with the loved ones at Nazareth. Here he would cast down for the time the burden of many anxieties and enjoy without taint the priceless privileges of love and peace in the charmed circle of home.

Thus the work went on, until there were found in the councils of the Brotherhood many of the most brainy and enterprising men in the State; men whose


names had for generations been in the forefront in State affairs, and whose influence gave a powerful stimulus to the cause.

But these men, for all their probity and high ability, were men of strong self-assertive natures, who assumed a leadership in the organization almost as a matter of right, and were indeed recognized by all as worthy of the highest confidence and honor.

Henry Cadavere had studiously avoided anything pointing to a permanent leadership, either for himself or for the original circle of his immediate friends, but had rather taken pleasure in aiding and encouraging a democratic independence in the gullds.


So when it came about that their labors were fairly crowned with success and the goal of State Socialism was practically won, the Council decided to relinquish further propaganda work, and Cadavere and his friends returned to Nazareth.

Another year had nearly passed by in quiet, happy seclusion of home life, a happy year for Mary, for Cadavere sought in every way to make up for the days of



past absence, and with some thought, perhaps, of the new duty before him.


One evening they climbed together the hill from whence Cadavere had first unfolded his plans (now so grandly realized) to Tom Guthrie. The site was occupied by the Council House, the most pretentious piece of architecture the Brotherhood possessed, and from the park walk in front the two looked out over the wide spreading city, now numbering nearly one hundred thousand souls, with its avenues and gardens stretching out into the distance as far as the eye could reach. For miles round the land had been acquired either by purchase or by voluntary deed of the owner upon joining the Brotherhood. All this land, where not occupied by the dwellings of the people, was diligently and scientifically cultivated, raising enormous crops to the acre of high-grade cotton, fruits, vegetables, etc. The garden lots and orchards were interspersed with well-kept chicken ranches, dairy farms and vineries, and were intersected in every direction by well-made roads, all radiating from the central line of industry, where the great mills and workshops were located.



Light electric car lines carried the workers to and from their homes, which lined all these roads and crossroads in every direction beneath variegated foliage of pine and beach and oak and willow, giving a peculiar charm to the landscape. There was nothing of the closeness and ugliness of the modern city here, but room, ample room for health and beauty, and heaven to come and dwell at every door.

As they stand together surveying the happy scene with the city and river spread out before them, each feels deeply stirred. Mary's eyes flash back into the glow of the setting sun with a look of loving pride as she clings yet more closely to her husband's side. When she turns to meet his look she sees there is trouble there—trouble? Yes, the old conflict of love and duty. Her own look had spoken a temptation. "Is not this——?" but he put it away with a tender caress, and putting his arm around her, turns to point to the darkening horizon in the north.

"Mary, my darling, we are very happy here; almost too happy; but there are voices yonder that are calling me, that



tell me that I have a work to do. How can I rest until it is finished?"

"Harry, must you then leave me again? Oh, if I may only go with you——"

"No! no! It is better you should stay, this is our home; think of your father and the boys. Yes, go I must, but it will not be for long. I will soon return."

So it was that Henry Cadavere went forth once more, and this time alone, but he was not to be long without a helper.

No one felt the departure of Henry Cadavere more keenly than Judah Brixton, whom we find six months later at his post in the great power-house of Nazareth.

In this plain, square-built structure, which was the heart of the industrial life of the colony, Judah found his daily duty. Here he reigned the high priest and king of Nature's forces and the genius of hard work. Before him, occupying the whole of one side of the building, were twelve mighty giants in the form of turbine-wheels of from 50 to 60 inches in diameter, and sunk in shafts beneath a head of 30 feet of water, and yielding a combined force equal to 15,000-horse power, more


than sufficient to run all the industries of that great city.

Seven of these units of power were connected by steel cables with the factories of the colony, which spread out in a long line on either side. Two others were employed in pumping water and in running the great dynamos, which occupy the opposite side of the power-house. These dynamos supplied the town with light and car service, and from them also there went forth wires that like so many nerves carried energy and light and heat to the numerous workshops and dwellings through the city.

The remaining wheels were idle, constituting a reserve of power awaiting yet further developments in the enterprise of the Brotherhood.

The clock marks the hour of five. From the distant town hall the sound of the striking hour is borne on the clear evening air.

Judah puts out his hand and at once the hum of busy industry that has thus far filled the air fades away, and the great trembling mills are at rest. Then the merry laughter of the homeward-bound workers breaks in from the street with



their noisy chatter as they hurry on their way, happy, content, innocent, peaceful.

Judah prepares to follow them, relinquishing his trust to his fellow who has the evening watch. He lingers to take a final look around, and when he reaches the sidewalk it is vacant. As he turns from the door a light form comes from the shadow of the mill wall and runs to his side.


"Well, Harry, what has brought you down this evening?"

The boy looks up at him and with a tremor in his voice replies in a hushed tone:

"I wanted to come and walk home with you, Judah. It is so lonely now, father is away."

Judah pressed the boy's hand as it slid tenderly into his own. You could see that there was a something in the boy's words that touched him deeply.

The fact is Henry Cadavere's action had set Judah thinking afresh, and led him to yet deeper introspection as to his ways of thought and the motives of his life. As the two passed on over the bridge and the merry waves of the creek danced in the light of the evening sun, and the glory of



the ripening leaves shone so full of beauty and peace, he could only look away beyond all to the dark, dirty street of the northern city.

"I wish your father had taken me with him!"

His voice was querulous and full of self-excuse, but the answer came back to him clear and strong from the child:

"Why don't you go to him, Judah;"


Ah, why? That was the point.

Judah was indeed much changed. His old aggressive enthusiasm was wanting. His manner was that of one under strong restraint.

He had tried to dissuade Cadavere from his course, and when that was useless had asked to go with him, but Cadavere had told him to remain.

Nevertheless, the disquietude which he felt at the departure of his friend alone grew upon him.

Some two weeks before this Judah had taken an evening walk out to the woodland "God's acre," where he knew Cadavere loved to come and spend an hour in solitude, especially when there was some difficulty to be thought out. It was a beautiful place, well chosen for its sacred




associations, at least so Judah thought as he stood beneath the dark pines. All was so quiet, so restful, so peaceful, yet so pregnant with life like the sleep of childhood, while overhead "the sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky." Judah looked up to those bright watchers and "beyond," but there seemed to be a reproach in it all, and for once the word of appeal died on his lips.

Then came a voice; it was the voice of the inward mentor we call conscience, pointing the way. Yes, but it was a way that Judah did not wish to tread. He reasoned with himself and strove against the thought, but the voice had but one answer: "This is the way, walk ye in it." So there came upon him from that time a cloud of self-condemnation that grew and increased, and became a weight of humiliation greater than he could bear.

Thus matters stood on the evening that little Harry came down to meet him, and gave yet clearer sound to the question:

"Why don't you go to him, Judah?"

A few steps further and they reach the pretty flower-decked cottage that is home. Mary is there; yes, it is Mary still, the blithe, gay, sunshine Mary that was al-




ways the pet, not so wild and willful now, but still the same, so patient, tender, faithful. As she goes about her duties, it is in a way to remind one of the old times when after romping and playing the tomboy until out of breath, she would suddenly go and find Gertrude and her mother, and after sundry penitent kisses would start in to help, and then work soon became scarce; so now, in the house, with the neighbors, everywhere, her quick, handy ways, bright smile and musical chatter seemed to say: "Come, I have had lots of fun, it is time to think of others. Let's go and help; while Harry works, I must be doing my part."

"Old man" Morris fills the chimney corner, and often casts wistful glances at the empty chair opposite, and to the empty bed that still keeps its place by the window.

It was easy to see that it was a happy home, but all therein did a homage of regret for the absence of its loved master.

During the evening meal there was but little said. Mary was thinking of that last loving message of hope and promise in her bosom, but was not so preoccupied



to miss noticing the cloud that rested on Judah.

As she rose to clear away the evening meal, she said:

"Judah, are you going down to prayer-meeting to-night?"

"No, Mary!" he answered, hesitatingly.

Mary made no direct reply, but a moment later said in a tone of sweetest sympathy and gentlest entreaty:

"Judah, I have been thinking of that passage which speaks of following the Lamb 'whithersoever he goeth.'"

She stopped.

Judah started; what did she mean? There was an almost painful silence, but presently he rose and went out into the night.

Mary watched him intently as he passed through the door.


"Mother, what is the matter with Judah?"

"God is teaching him, my son, all will be well."

And she kissed him fervently.

* * * * *


We may not follow Judah. There are crises in a man's life into which none of his fellow-men may enter. Great men—



men of vigorously energetic natures and high-strung nerves—men with whom mind and body are jointly framed to give the highest expression to the power of life; such have had hours of agony that have ever been the subject of most reverent contemplation by their fellows. Poets have pictured the Archangels and Devils, with attendant hosts, martialled in fierce combat over a single soul and their quaint imagery is but calculated to bring home to common minds something of the reality of the contending forces which enter into the active environment of such men.

It is the prevailing fault of those who attain to a degree of learning in any department to assume ability to explain everything in that department. Of what absurdities, for instance, have otherwise truly great minds been guilty when attempting to explain the lightning before electricity was known, and the Aurora and many other natural phenomena.

And in the theological world how few there are who, after vain attempts to explain sin, its origin and why it was permitted in the world, have had the courage to come down to the plain agnosticism of




Dr. McCosh and say, "I cannot explain it."

The absurdity of the idea of sin never occurs to them. Even were the will free in a measure so as to allow man to choose between obeying and disobeying the eternal laws of the universe, still sin would be an impossibility—his very freedom would absolve him.

On the other hand, a creature can have nothing it did not receive from its Creator and a Creator cannot impart anything He did not Himself possess. Therefore, sin in man would compel the idea of sin in God; an ethical impossibility.

Good and evil we recognize. They are set before every man. Through evil we reach good and through good we reach evil. Evil is the serpent's mouth in the eternal symbol that at once swallows and nourishes the good. Evil is necessary to good as the south pole is to the north; there can be no good without evil, as there can be no east without a west; no sunrise without a sunset. We only know the light by the darkness and the very glories of color that gladden our prospect are shadows obscuring some rays in the full prism of a perfect light. Without evil in the world no Christ would have




been possible, and without evil in the universe God Himself could not have known good.

The absorption of good is supposed to be happiness, but is it? Upon this question turn the contending influences in man's individuality—whether he shall seek to absorb or to produce that which is good.

If we study the life of Christ we shall find that he deliberately chose the part of doing most good, and, therefore, of suffering most evil; but was He, therefore, the most miserable of men? What! He who said "My peace I leave with you!" True, he was "troubled in spirit" at times (there must be an inward as well as an outward experience) but what was that to the joy that was set before him. How could he know that joy but by knowing the darkness from which he was to deliver his people? This—this is what made that joy so unspeakable that even the cross and its agony and shame were "despised" as the necessary negative ministers to such positive glory!

Temptation is regarded as an evil as compared with innocence. But do we not honor the scarred veteran far above the




parlor knight? Falls? Wounds? Well, he is a sorry hero that carries no scar, yet he who keeps his face to the enemy is never beaten.

Good, evil; the one must be the measure of the other in our lives—the mean is Nirvana, Death—annihilation!

If we consider these things we may come to understand how it was that Judah, surrounded as he was by every incentive to contentment, every reason to be satisfied with his lot, every thing that was good to man's nature in his daily life, experienced what was tantamount to an ennui, a surfeit of these good things. All through his life he had fed his spirit on the purer food of bearing evil for good's sake—of piling up the greater riches that will not corrupt—and just as the slave of mammon, who, making the acquisition of gold and this world's goods his religion, finds his life's pleasure in his work and will fret at any forced inaction, so Judah's nature, like that of Henry Cadavere, could not be satisfied by any life into which a practical love of his fellow-man did not enter.

It may be asked why we should so insist upon the solitary vigil as a pre-requi-



site to wise action. We do so because in these days of vigorous journalism, political oratory and pulpit politics it has been too much lost sight of.

Knowledge gained in the study is but the warp of truth upon which the weft of daily observation and experience has to be inwove, according to a pattern only to be seen "in the mount," alone with the spirit of selflessness and the vision of the Holy One, conditions not attainable amid the swaying crowds of men.

We know by experience that the learned man is seldom the wise man, and, on the other hand, the busy man of the world is seldom able to see more than one side of a question—his own. The sage in all ages is the man who has read, who has seen and who has also found a way to withdraw himself from the world and think.

XI.

**I live for those who need me;
For the kindness I can shew;
For the world of woe about me
That asks my labor, too.
For the backs 'neath burdens bending;
For the sighs with teardrops blending;
For the helpless souls past mending,
And the good seed I can strew.**



CHAPTER XI.

IN THE RAPIDS.

Back to the slums! The rustle of the leaves, the chirp of birds, the fresh breath of the pine woods, the fragrance of the flowers in gardens and by the way; the bright flash of sunlight and the cool shadows, and all the free, glorious health of the Southern home, with its cheerful ringing voices sounding in harmonious tones, the happiness and content of the souls whose hearts ever spoke to each other in friendship and sympathy and kindness, with all the love and peace and joy of that little heaven of family life were left behind. For what? For the harsh, discordant jar of the black, grimy city street and the harsher and yet more discordant shouts and wrangling voices that told of strife and hatred and coarse,

degraded selfishness, and behind all the groans and sad murmurs of slavery, misery and want.

Judah Brixton was back in New York. Back to labor in the smoky, dark workshop that he might help to carry a gospel of hope to the poor chattels who there wore out their lives for naught—that he might enter into their counsels and perforce lead them into a way of redemption.

Judah found Henry Cadavere working as a colporteur of advanced literature and eking out a most self-denying existence by this means, utilizing every hour of his day in a steady effort to awaken men to justice and humanity, and the workers themselves to a sense of manhood.

New York, and indeed all the industrial centers of the North, had sunk yet deeper and deeper beneath a plutocratic despotism and were becoming as great a menace to the liberties of the South and West as were the old slave States to the industries of the North before the civil war.

The line of cleavage between those above and those below, the master and

the servant, was becoming more intense daily, and the ruthless, unforgiving antagonism of class against class more pronounced as the years went by.

Cadavere welcomed Judah with a warmth that belied the advice he had given him to remain at Nazareth, and when Judah secured a good position as engineer at fair wages a partnership was struck between them that gave Henry Cadavere a much fuller liberty in the prosecution of his work.


His first action was to set up a small press and to put forth a Northern edition of the Nazareth "Progressist," by which he sought to combat the extremist among the Socialists, who occupied a position of most uncompromising hostility to all who were not of their own class and fraternity. At the same time, he would appeal to the better instincts of the indifferent, unthinking, unknowing, prosperous middle section of the people and endeavor to secure from them some consideration for those who were so enslaved and brutalized in their midst.

Judah never let opportunity pass wherein he could assist in this policy of mediation, but found himself isolated and

listened to with suspicion by both sides. Each evening he would join Cadavere and render him what assistance he could in his work, but he could not but feel restless under the heavy burden of failure which seemed to rest upon all their efforts and those of the small band of sympathizers who were allowed little rest by the indefatigable Cadavere, and when he saw sad, troubled looks and even lines of care deepening in the earnest face of his friend he began to wonder what was coming. His eyes were opened and it was on this wise:

It was the dinner hour; a group of soot-black workers rested in various attitudes about the entrance of the great workshop awaiting the signal to resume.

Judah was talking in earnest tones to a man of the higher grade of mechanics, Charles Hatchett by name. He was, indeed, a man recognized as a leader among his fellows, a short, strongly-built, but rather spare figure, hard, severe features, firm mouth that was seldom known to smile, and a rather low, deeply-seamed forehead, with a strong but constrained voice,



Suddenly one of the loungers spoke out:

"Say, Judah, what do you think of this?" and without further preface as all turned to hear him, he proceeded to read aloud from the newspaper he held in his hand:

"MEN AND POTATOES."

"Mr. George Brown, of Brooklyn, with whom we have already had some correspondence about strike matters, asks why the workingman should have a market value or figure for his services the same as you would put upon potatoes or any other commodity."

"Because all men are alike, and as laborers, by their hands or their heads, without any discrimination whatsoever, they are all commodities, with their worth measured by the market price just like a potato. There is no difference between high-priced goods like railroad presidents, such as Chauncey Mitchell Depew, of New York, or George Roberts, of Philadelphia, and a potato. Each is traded in according to the market price. The big railroad men get great wages because the latter are necessary to allure them from other pursuits where their tal-

such overgrown earthly potatoes as Mr. Charles Dana and C. M. Depew and a few more of their kin. When the people find their rights and their power—then, mark you!—then there will be ‘no demand’ for such as they, and consequently by their own doctrine we may have to consider the advisability of putting them off the earth! What say you? That is justice, is it not?”

The cold, merciless tone in which this was uttered shocked the more timid ones and there was a silence.

“Caesar’s column! Eh, Hatchett?” suggested one.

“You are right. That is about what it is coming to!” replied Hatchett.

“God forbid!” interposed Judah. “Why should we persist in looking to such means as a way to liberty? What would result? A Reign of Terror! A dictatorship and a slavery worse than before. No, no! the home of liberty is a temple, not a catacomb, and must be built up stone by stone.”

Here the whistle sounded the summons to resume their labors, and all flocked through the open gateway. As they part-


ed Hatchett took Judah by the arm and said in a confidential tone:

"I should like to have you come up to one of our section meetings. Come to-night if you can—Jefferson Hall. It will do you good! I want you to be convinced that your hopes are vain. Come, any way!"

"Very well, I will come."

* * * * *

Passing through a narrow doorway, squeezed with miserly thrift out of the adjoining store and further encumbered by a photographer's sign on one side and a hairdresser's ditto on the other, with sundry and various sub-tenants' signs struggling for recognition in the passageway, and ascending a stairway correspondingly steep, we may reach Jefferson Hall, by which high-sounding title is designated an irregular low-celled room formed by knocking out the partition walls of the second floor flat. Used as a dancing school during the day and on certain reserved nights in the week, and the home of a spiritualist society on Sunday afternoons, it had a Bohemian appearance in keeping with its associations. Ill-lighted by the half-dozen kerosene lamps



(which were kept permanently turned down by the thrifty janitor), it had an uninviting look. At least so Judah thought as he entered and took a seat on one of the hundred coarse wooden chairs that filled the apartment. On the stage or platform sat the "chairman" and "secretary," while some forty or fifty men of the toilers of life were scattered through the seats.

As Judah entered one of the company was giving an experience. He was telling how he had been offered work at a mill up north in New Hampshire at two dollars a day; how, having a family reduced to the verge of starvation by his failure to get employment he had accepted the offer, and he went on:

"When we got there we were put up at the boarding house, mighty hard quarters, but I didn't take no notice and the food was scarce fit for a dog; but I didn't complain, but worked steady for a week; then I went down to the office to get some money to send home.

" 'Nothing for you!' says the clerk.

" 'What?' says I.

" 'Nothing coming!' says he.

" 'How do you make that?' says I.



"'Oh, there's your board,' says he.

"'How much?' says I, sharp-like.

"'Six dollars,' says he.

"'I thought a good deal, but choked it down and says, "Well, that's only half of two dollars a day."

"'Two dollars! The wages here is one-twenty-five,' says he.

"'I was engaged at \$2,' says I.

"'Don't know anything about that. Wages is a dollar and a quarter and that's all you'll get!'

"'Well, I saw it was no use talking, so I just says, 'That makes a dollar and a half coming anyway.'

"'We only pay up to Friday and you're a day behind at the boarding house.'

"'So I was hustled away. As I came out a fellow whispers:

"'And there's 'watch money' and 'tool money' and your car fare. It's little you'll get but board while you stop here.'


"'It was hard enough to leave 'em at home, but to have nothing to send 'em just broke me down and I hadn't drawn so much as a plug of tobacco.

"'So I fetched my bundle and started off to walk home again to New York. I tramped a good spell that night and slept

in a bit of bush. Next morning I started on afresh and got a bite to eat of a farmer, but as I was resting just outside the next town and wondering how I should get on for dinner a fellow comes along and begins questioning me where I came from, where I slept, etc., etc. Then he says, 'You had better come along of me,' and would you believe it, in spite of all I could say they just clapped me into jail for thirty days for being "a tramp," and the speaker here nearly broke down, while the mutterings of deep sympathy and resentment told of the effect of his words. He recovered for an instant and added, in broken tones, "And when I got home at last my bab was dead—dead of starvation!"

He sank into his seat. There was an unnatural silence, broken only by a single hoarse, choking sob.

The whole proceeding brought back vividly to Judah's mind the "experience meetings" of "the army" so vividly, indeed, that he sought some verse with which to comfort the cruelly-wronged heart. Ah, some one has the same thought surely. A strong, not unpleasant voice rose from one of the front seats, but




it was no hymn of comfort that he sang, but a cry for vengeance. The air was familiar, being an adaptation of the German National Hymn, "Die Wacht am Rhein," and the words were given with all the ringing emphasis of a natural eloquence, coming from a soul thirsting for battle:

Come, brothers, rouse and forward stand!
The day of freedom is at hand!
A cry goes o'er this misruled land,
To battle for the right.

Against us tyrants' host arrayed,
Threaten in vain—no heart's afraid!
Our children's cry makes sharp our blade!
Smite! Smite! Smite!

Heed the call! Come, every one!
"Sell your coat and buy a gun!"
You shall see the scab slaves run;
Strong is your arm and stern!
Aim to lay their captains low,
With dynamite their bastiles blow;
And let their homes with fire flames glow!
Burn! Burn! Burn!

Forward, then, ye gory reds!
Slay the tyrants in their beds!
Their blood be on their hoary heads—



In spite of the golden stamp.
Till Liberty her banner waves
O'er their curst and shameful graves,
And we march no more a band of slaves.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!
We march no more a band of slaves.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!

He repeated the last words until nearly every man in the hall joined in the hoarse, angry chorus. When it was over Judah looked about him. The white faces, set lips and gleaming eyes were more eloquent tokens of the temper of the meeting than any noisy outburst could have been.

Hatchett sat grim and silent in the chair, his keen eyes taking in every face in turn. One or two of "the committee" were in whispered conversation with some as yet unattached converts, and names were being taken.

After a pause a strongly-built, square-faced man, rose and in a voice strangely musical and persuasive deprecated violence. As he spoke Judah noticed that one side of his face retained its hard, severe expression while the other smiled in playful friendliness,

"The time is not yet. To put ourselves into conflict, open conflict with the powers that be would only invite acts of greater oppression. We must wait and work! May I hope that every man here will be impelled to speak to his friends yet more earnestly and bring them here so that we may get to know them and bring them into our organization. It is recruits we want—men who will accept the bond of brotherhood. We ought to number half a million by 1900. There are noble, self-sacrificing brethren of brains and courage to bear the burden of our labors and to lead you when the day of reckoning comes. Yet are we not idle; there is work to do and there are dangers to meet of which you know nothing!"

Here the man who had sung interrupted:

"If there is any brave spirit here who is willing to share our work and our dangers I shall be glad to shake hands with him after the meeting!"

Then he added, with strong emphasis, measuring his words, as though they had some hidden meaning.

"Two of our enemies have met with a just fate recently. Only to-night I hear

that Stoneman, the millionaire, has died of blood poisoning from some little scratch he got in a brush over that last cut in wages!"

"That's the I of L——"

These words came from a strapping young fellow, sitting beside Judah. They were not intended for any one especially, but Judah's quick ear caught them.

"What do you mean?" asked Judah.

"The Invincibles of Labor!" was the whispered response, and he turned away.

So it had come to this! As the awful purport of the words fell on Judah the air grew stifling about him. He arose and staggered into the street, troubled to his inmost soul.

Whither were they drifting? Whither were they rather being driven? What could be done to stem the terrible current that was sweeping them all on to anarchy and ruin?

When he reached home and told Henry Cadavere of his experience he was shocked to find that the fact that they were literally living upon a volcano was well understood by his friend.

"All I can do now is to postpone the day and do good, peacemeal, by persuad-



ing men to flee South and escape the judgment that is sure to come upon this city."

"Hatchett claims an enrolled membership of 200,000 disciplined men. He would strike to-morrow if he dared, but the armories are there, well stocked, and they have already had lessons in the hopelessness of a contest with machine guns and trained troops."

Judah thought of the hoarse chorus and tread of feet.


"We march no more a band of slaves.
Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!"

and the white faces, grim and determined.

"Harry!" he replied. "The men I saw to-night are desperate. If they cannot conquer in one way they will do it in another; something terrible is going to happen!"

"So the masters seem to think, for they have introduced a conspiracy law into the Legislature that will enable them, at the first sign of trouble, whether it be a strike or otherwise, to seize the leaders and put them in jail."

Where will it end? Where will it end?
Oh, if men would only stop and think!






XII.

**Life is but the Force Supreme,
With good and ill at each extreme.
Good is its positive,
Evil its negative
Energy's conserve,
Gives us what we deserve;
Every ill with good is fraught,
Every good by evil wrought.**

**Every burden that we bear,
Every weariness and care,
Will bear its fruit
In kind to suit;
No whit will e'er be lost;
Its price is what it cost,
And in true measure we shall yet
Our full portion surely get!**

**Who lives on others' daily care,
Absorbing good from others' share,
Must pay the debt,
Do not forget!
For justice says:
"Who breaks, pays!"
The good we know but by the ill,
And evil by the good while still,
The Just One holds the balance!**






CHAPTER XII.

INTO THE ABYSS.

Reader: Henry Cadavere would like a word with you. Have you ever stopped to consider whither we are drifting? Has it ever entered into your mind that there are desperate, wolf-like faces in the crowds that throng around you on our highways and byways? Has it never occurred to you that many you see and more that you do not see are hungry, aye starving—slowly starving; that very many are in a chronic “I would if I dared” state of enmity toward the respectable part of society of which you are a member; that day by day improvements in machinery are adding to the number of the unemployed, and that day by day competition is reducing the wages (already small) of those who are employed, mak-

ing it more and more impossible for them to sustain the burden of those who, having nothing, look to him that hath for a share of that little that he hath.

Proud, unconsidering, unrelenting indifference and a cruel spirit of know-nothingism concerning their brother's welfare has destroyed the greatest empire since the Roman, and the same blind egotism and class selfishness which worked destruction there has taken hold of all that is cultured and orthodox and well-to-do in our system of society. The lying shifts of decaying, dying, though once glorious Spain find their parallel in your hypocritical reforms, your Judas administrators, your repeated breaches of political faith, which have driven the toiling masses into a position of silent but fierce antagonism. The fires of hate have been lighted by the tyrannies, the cold injustice, the merciless suppression they have suffered. Children torn from parents, sons tortured in schools and reformatories; husbands and wives and budding daughters forced to accept a slavery worse than the cruelest chattel slavery, as the victims are more sensitive to the indig-



nities and brutalities practiced on them. All in the name of law and religion and property. Eloquent men have warned you, powerful in argument and with hearts aflame with a holy enthusiasm of humanity; great and good and wise men have sought to awaken you to a sense of what is on before. Your only reply has been to build more Bastiles, to drill more of your mercenaries and arm them with more deadly instruments of destruction.

The people cry for justice and for the right to live and love and work and you answer by putting new laws for their repression and oppression and for your own self-aggrandisement upon the statute book.

The line of cleavage is broadening and it is your work. In vain we go to the toiler as his friend. In vain we reason with the leaders that there is nothing to be gained by the catastrophe toward which they are avowedly working; that nothing but a despotism can succeed a "Caesar's Column." They say that there is no other hope; that it must be a successful revolution or slavery. You smile with incredulity; so did the ladies of

Marie Antoinette's court; so did the "light-hearted" bourgeois of Paris before "La Commune." So did the proud planter aristocracy of the South as they slopped over in their "pride and wrath and lust."

The hand lingers at the task before it. The heart shrinks from conceiving that which the brain dictates as the logic of the situation. We love that which is good and noble and true and holy. We love to dwell on the promise of better things. We read a prophecy in the poet Campbell's line:

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast,"

for hope is the witness of history and of inherited experience, and it says:

"Man ever is and always to be blessed!"

Night succeeds day and day succeeds night, and as in the creation the night must precede the day, so is it in the succeeding cycles of man's history. We enjoy greater privileges than our fathers, and we look into the light of a coming day that shall be brighter than our day. If we live for that day we become partakers therein.

Yet does it appear to be our fate to wit-



ness the gathering of a terrible night of battle, the coming of a day of Armageddon, awful in its horror and blood guiltiness, but in which the tyrannies of mammon worship, of Caesarism, and of all false religion shall go down forever into a common oblivion.

In such a conflict, on which side will you be found?

* * * * *

The day came when the people of New York received a plain intimation that war more desperate than ever had been declared between labor and capital; still, it was such an old cry that few stopped to give the matter a second thought. Occasional references were made by the daily press to the secret order known as the Invincibles of Labor, with humorous jests at the dire threats of their Council of Five, but no one felt any alarm. There was no sign of the arming or drilling of any revolutionary force; so the money lord smiled contemptuously as he read of it and never lost a mouthful of his appetite. The corporation magnate sailed out of his mansion each morning with the same old swagger of importance, his only comment being:

"It is about time to crush out these socialist reptiles altogether."

One of the wealthiest of these, whose employees, numbered by thousands, working long hours at a daily risk of life and limb for the barest subsistence, followed some such comment by issuing an edict discharging every man in the employ of his corporation who was suspected of being a Socialist or of belonging to any union.

Henry Cadavere found an opportunity for good in this action and by some vigorous campaigning succeeded in marshall-ing the best element of these poor out-laws into a band of pilgrims, with the Sunny South for their destination, and when the exodus became known many others thrust themselves upon the out-going party.

One of the state-owned cotton freight-ers was chartered to effect their transportation, upon which nearly 3,000 souls were mustered when the time came to leave. It was a motley throng that crowded the spacious decks with their scant belongings. Husband and wife, youth and maiden, boys and girls and young chil-

dren, some wan and pinched, but all full of hope and with willing hearts, some kindled to tears and some to laughter between the partings and the prospects of the new life.

Judah was charged with the care of the party and once more proved himself an admirable organizer.

It was a strange sight. Here were 3,000 fugitives from worse than slavery and their haven of refuge was Charleston, beneath the shadow of Fort Sumter in South Carolina.

The last good-bye was spoken and Cadavere had shaken his last grasp of hands with Judah across the gangway and the steamer passed slowly away, then Cadavere turned slowly away to "do the next thing." He trod his way up into the callous, indifferent city that took no thought of these things.

It was so fair and bright in the sunshine of the summer sky. The same well-dressed crowd hustled one another on Broadway, the same wild urchins played around the fountain in City Hall Park, while the same crowd of poor tramps


slouched upon the seats until moved on by the police.

Over at the newspaper offices there was the same throng of disputatious young merchants jostling each other and manœuvring for first place for the expected "extra."

In all the scene there was nothing new; year by year had passed by since he had first set foot in that great city, and except that the crowd was thicker, the store windows finer and the buildings higher and more numerous, it was still just the same New York.

Nothing had been heard of the mysterious Council of Five, yet Cadavere felt an indescribable foreboding of evil from that quarter. He knew the desperate natures of the men and he knew something of the terrible natural forces in the power of the unscrupulous.

As he paused in his walk to look around upon the poor, forlorn creatures upon the benches there came a series of wild yells from the direction of the bridge. "Ah!" said he, to himself, "our young friends are excited; something has happened that will sell their papers!" But the smile of



kindly sympathy gave place to a blanched look of horror as a wild-eyed youngster dashed past him shouting the news that told him how the blow had fallen.

He who had been first to strike was himself struck down—wiped out—he and his whole household, by a silent, unseen power.

“Oh, Liberty! What crimes are done in thy name! The work of Socialists?” mused Cadavere, bitterly. “This the work of brotherhood and humanity?” Then, as a new thought came upon him: “It will spread, but how far?”

* * * * *

What followed can only be compared to an awful nightmare. Men have been converted from lives of wickedness by visions of a judgment day; of the opened mouth of hell; of the terrors of an eternal wrath unveiled. Can we depict in a brief paragraph (no more) such an earthly hell, such a man-made day of confusion as that which we see in the future when the “breaking strain” of anarchy is reached?

Picture to yourself the tragedy at Goltman’s, followed by a dozen others at dif-

ferent points, wherever the enemies of the labor slave were supposed to dwell, then in the police stations, in the courts, in the centres of exchange and trade and in the most sumptuous palaces of the wealthy; whereupon the country outside takes alarm and ranks of armed men that were relied upon to keep down the desperate, dangerous classes, become a cordon of steel to keep every one, rich and poor alike, within the doomed city, while black fear comes down upon all. The streets are deserted for a while and then become littered with the dead and dying. House after house becomes silent, for rotting, untended corpses are the only occupants of the daintily-furnished chambers. The hungry, desperate, foodless hordes from the tenement districts begin to swarm over the city, and led by the vicious and criminal begin to pillage. Vengeance demands victims; the unknown guilty escape, the innocent are sacrificed; reprisals follow and soon the city is foul with blood and outrage. The fusilade and the petroleuse are abroad; but every attempt to restore order by repression is met by new outbreaks of the silent

"Horror" until every arsenal is a charnel house and the forces of the law stand helpless before their ruthless, unseen enemies, and in the end anarchy reigns unquestioned amid the ruins of a blackened, festering city.

After weeks and months the cordon closes slowly in and district after district, abandoned in simple desolation, is reclaimed. The country is saved, but New York, with its wealth and its fashion, its churches and its mansions, its gold and its merchandise, its enterprise and its power, shall it ever rise again?

Have we overdrawn the picture? Surely, "Paris Incendie" is not so far away in our memories.





XIII.

When my work is done, then let me pass
away;

My latest breath, still fragrant with
kindly deeds,

Let not the feebleness of o'erspent age,
Nursing latent love of ease, betray my
soul

To share the curse of those who find their
rest

In the sad Nirvana of a useless life!

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE MORNING COMETH.

Woe is quickly forgotten. Man is ever ready to forgive himself his crimes and follies. The cruelest war, when it is over, is remembered only for its acts of heroism, for the good it has developed; not for the suffering it has inflicted. Its wounds are buried with its dead; its scars smile as glorious tokens of deliverance. The tendency of the race is to look forward and to press onward to the better things to come.

When Henry Cadavere came back to the waiting home circle at Nazareth, it was with no harrowing tale of what had passed during those awful days of strife and death. He brought with him a little band of refugees, but they too seemed to lose sight of the past in the new glorious present that had been opened to them.



Surely none were more happy in all Nazareth than the little family on the cliff walk. Tom Guthrie and Gertrude were next door, and the Morris boys and girls, all settled in homes of their own, were at hand; all but Judah. Judah, who in his exaggerated ideas of his friends' prescience credited him with having purposely sent him with the outgoing party from a foreknowledge of what was coming. Who knows—perhaps it was so. We do things at times at the dictation of a second sight of which we ourselves are unconscious. Judah stood faithfully by Cadavere, watching for the word that would indicate new work to be done. He alone seemed to understand the mind of the man. Mary was a true, sweet, beautiful helpmeet, answering every emotion with sympathetic tenderness that was a source of wonderful strength and encouragement, but in Judah, Cadavere had found his fellow, capable of rising to yet higher usefulness; one who was indeed destined to catch this Elijah's mantle and become a greater than Elijah.


Tom Guthrie had grown more and more orthodox. As leader of a Bible class and

elder he had gravitated more and more to creeds and dogmas, and Gertrude had naturally imbibed the same spirit, consequently the friendship of the two men lost a good deal of the old intellectual and emotional zest that had held them so near in the old days.

Henry Cadavere never found cause to change in opinions. He remained agnostic regarding all the mysteries of the unseen and the future, but those near to him knew that in spite of this his intelligence reached out to grasp in its fullness the character of one who, be he man or God, was to him at once master and friend in fellowship and in purpose.

While others were at church he would seek some retired spot—the quiet little nook in the woodland cemetery was always the most favored. Here he would hold communion with his unseen friends.

Sometimes he would take little Harry as a companion. This was always a treat to the child, who loved to listen to the strange tales Cadavere would tell of the wonders of the universe, of the giants and genii of the earth and air and the powers that ruled the earth.




They would talk of the ways of the birds in their nests, of the flowers by the path and the rustling plant life above and around them, and many a lesson, many a flash of heavenly counsel came to the conscience of the teacher as he pictured the parables of nature to his pupil.

Little Harry grew to be a handsome, intelligent lad, full of promise for a happy, useful future. Cadavere spared no pains in training a naturally tractable and well disposed child and there was a bond between the two of esteem as well as of affection.

It was Sunday and the boy's birthday. Cadavere had taken him for a morning ramble up the river, the waters of which were swollen by recent rains. The white caps in the rapids gleamed brightly as the cloud temples in the sky above reflected the morning sunlight and the dew still hung heavily on the luxuriant vegetation of the later summer.


Have you ever considered the capacity which some children enjoy for asking questions? There is nothing that tends more to sharpen one's intelligence and cure superficiality so readily as the occa-



sional companionship of a quick-witted, curious boy. And when the mentor is ever bent on imparting instruction it becomes simply a question of how much he knows himself. The younger Cadavere had this capacity for asking questions and the elder had only one thought; how best to answer them.

"How does the tree grow, father?"

"Sit down here on this log, my boy, and I will try and show you," replied Cadavere. "You see these roots, they go down deep into the earth and feel about and gather together a number of things which they find there; just a little here and a little there and some water and mix them into a juice which we call sap. This is the food of the tree. When the roots have collected a quantity they pass it all up to the tree and the tree passes it on to the branches and the branches to the twigs and the twigs give it out to the leaves and the leaves spread it upon their surface and then the sunlight comes, takes a little, and the wind drinks and adds its blessing and the air growing purer by the contact. Then the sap begins to go back again over the outside of the tree under the bark. It passes over



the twigs and makes them strong; over the branches and makes them stronger; down over the trunk and makes it sturdy and hard and back to the roots and they grow and find more places to work in. So the tree grows by a life of unselfish work, and when the winter comes and its labor can find no outlet, it just goes on working so that at the first blush of spring it can burst out into fresh, new foliage. Who is the tree like?"

The boy looked puzzled and inquiring.

"There, think it over and we will talk of it again another time."

"I know those verses you gave me," exclaimed the lad, his face changing to an expression of happy pride.

"Do you? Let me hear them."

They were some lines Cadavere had written in a quiet hour:

THE DEWDROP.

Little dewdrop, oh, so tiny,

'Neath the star-decked summer night,
Resting on the drooping grassblade,

Tell me, why art thou so bright?

In its bosom pure, uplifted

To the heavenly arch above,

Every gem I saw reflected

By God's condescending love.



"I am God's. I love to serve him;
Watch I for his silent call,
Hoping in the morn to see Him,
Whose bright rays give life to all."

"I am thirsty! I am dying!"
Then the drooping grassblade cried.
"I am drink! Oh, bless thee, grassblade!"
And giving life, the dewdrop died!


"So nature teaches us," mused Cada-
vere.

Returning, the pair wandered along in pleasant conversation, enjoying the mild breeze without a thought of trouble or sorrow. As they approached the bridge which led over the river they saw Mary and Judah coming to meet them, with Tom and Gertrude following.

Cadavere smiled in greeting and waved his hand.

"There is mother! Run!"

The boy started off with a cry of delight, but he had gone but a few steps when his foot caught in a hidden snare and he fell heavily, striking his head against a stone and plunging over the edge into the swollen current below. Instantly Cadavere leaped after him and




reappeared for an instant with the lad in his grasp. Judah ran and climbed the railing of the bridge and by hanging downwards managed to grasp an arm thrust up to him by a desperate effort of the rescuer as the two were being swept past. For an instant Judah felt that he must be dragged down also by the strength of the furious current. He uttered an involuntary cry and instantly the strain relaxed. Tom Guthrie now came to his aid and drew him up—and the boy. But Henry Cadavere was gone—yes, Henry Cadavere was gone! They found his body, but Henry Cadavere was gone!

* * * * *

God's acre on a Sabbath morning. Those whom we have loved and lost; those whom we have pitied and mourned; those whose burdens of evil and sorrow we have shared, all laid to rest in the care of One in whose mercies and loving kindness we find our one hope when the death portals come to be passed.

"Blessed are they who hope in His mercy; they shall not be confounded," should be the inscription over the gate of every cemetery.



The leaves are ripening on the trees. The radiant glory of the October day flashes through the woodland shadows in beams of golden beauty. The morning mists linger and lend an added brilliance to the all-penetrating sunlight, and the dewdrops glisten upon the fern leaves as they did on that sad morning four weeks previously.

A little party of silent mourners are wending their way along the path to that sacred resting place where Cadavere had now been laid to sleep.

The bowed gray head of John Morris led the way; his little grandson walked by his side with his wondering eyes looking wistfully conscious of the great trouble which had come upon them. Then came Mary, clinging to the strengthening arm of her sister. Judah Brixton and Tom Guthrie followed close behind.

They had laid him in the same grave with his "gathered lily" and beneath the beautiful testimony he had there given of his faith they had added the simple

"also of"

his name, age and the date of his departure; nothing more.

Gertrude read the familiar lines over her mother's grave and turned to the more recent inscriptions and noticed the blank at the end.

"Was he not worthy of a line of love and honor?"

"It is not I who can write it," replied Judah. "All I can suggest would be unworthy of such a man."

They looked at one another inquiringly.

"We are hushed in our thoughts by the humility of the dead," spoke Tom, musing. "Let us hope all is clear to him now and the stone of doubt forever rolled away."

Again there was silence.

"Mary, what shall we write?" asked John Morris at last, his voice broken and husky.

Mary was sitting upon the grass beside the grave, the head of her boy clasped to her bosom. She was comforting him by telling him anew the old story of those who had laid the body of Him who had died for them to rest in the rock-hewn cave, and how, when the Sabbath was over, they had returned.

She raised her eyes, round and bright

and clear with the light of faith shining through the tears, and looked at her father.

"And when the morning was come, there cometh Mary Magdalen and the other Mary unto the sepulchre, and behold, the Stone was rolled away!"

-

**"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence;**

live

**In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night**

like stars,

**And with their mild persistence urge
To vaster issues."**

—George Eliot.






APPENDIX.








"Be ye doers of the word, not hearers only!"

Socialism is the gospel of humanity! It is not so much a doctrine to be taught as a life to be lived. It must be received through the heart as well as understood by the head. So great is the change that must be experienced by the self-seeking, self-reliant, ambitious man of the world that the saying of the Master applies: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." It is a kingdom that is not to be brought down from above, that is, as the fruit of any promise of future reward; nor fetched up from beneath, that is, as the result of any threat of future punishment; but is to be within you, a rule of life and thought and development.

The Master is with us in His Spirit in this matter. The churches to-day are as

the Jewish Church was in the days of His humiliation, but the kingdom he came to found, wherein we are to call no man Lord, to call no man Master, but in which, all men shall be as brethren, has yet to be established. In that coming time no man shall exercise lordship over us, but he who is the best servant, he shall have the greatest honor.

Yet a word more. It is not in vain that we have deemed it necessary to warn our readers against the dark, hate-filled anarchism which in New York has brazenly taken the name of Socialism to cover a program of strife and bloodshed and resulting despotism for this glorious country, even as their fathers across the ocean prostituted the name of Liberty to excuse the horrors of the Reign of Terror and the Commune. These men are our worst enemies, they are Judases within the camp, and should they succeed in deceiving, the people would mete out to the true Socialist such treatment as the Huguenots, Waldenses and other faithful followers of the Nazarene received from the self-styled Christians of the middle ages.



BROTHERHOOD OF THE CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

Office of the National Secretary.


Thomaston, Maine, July 24, 1897.

After thorough examination into the advantages and resources of the several States, your Board of Trustees is convinced that none is better situated for trying the experiment of Socialism than Washington, with her magnificent waterways, grand forests, boundless prairies, mild, equable and healthful climate, great coal, iron, copper, gold and silver deposits. But that which above all these advantages has led the Board to select Washington, is the advancement her citizens have made on the road to Socialism. Already nearly half of the voters of Washington, including the Governor, are Socialists.

Several hundred acres of good land have been placed at our disposal, free of charge. Local Union, No. 3, will deed us 115 acres of timber land and a business block in the town of Buckley, and are negotiating for 160 acres of farming land. Their secretary, E. L. Robinson, telegraphs: "Send us ten pioneers for the

saw-mill industry." Of our ten local unions in Washington, half a dozen are located at different points on Puget Sound, and these could become nuclei for colonies. Such industries could be established in each as the respective locality naturally favors, and our own boat on the Sound would settle the carrying question.

Farming will be engaged in to a greater or less extent in each colony. One big wheat farm will be operated in the Eastern section. Stock raising will be extensively carried on. A shoe shop and woolen mill, butter, cheese and canning factories will be built this fall and coming winter, hotels and individual houses erected, and every preparation made to receive a large number of colonists next spring. To prepare for next season's planting, the ground should be plowed this fall. This calls for several pioneer farmers. Lumber must be cut and sawed for buildings; this calls for lumbermen and saw-mill hands. Mills, factories and houses must be built; this calls for carpenters. These—lumbermen, sawyers, farmers and carpenters, with a few blacksmiths, engineers, masons and bricklay-



ers—will be the kind of pioneers needed at the start, and they should be men insured to hardships and prepared to rough it. One hundred such men are needed at once, and we want the local unions to pick their best men, each union to select one pioneer.

While colonies will necessarily be granted local self-government, general laws for harmonious working are now being prepared and will soon be submitted for approval through The Coming Nation.

We believe every union will be disposed to join us in putting this work forward without needless delay, and now that the State has been selected and colonizing is to begin, we shall need funds with which to prosecute the work, and trust that all pledges will be redeemed as promptly as possible. All moneys are to be sent to this office, and will be forwarded by us to our Treasurer, Dr. C. F. Taylor, who has given bonds signed by W. J. Smith, Prof. Frank Parsons and Eltweed Pomeroy.

Our members have waited long and patiently for colonization to begin. From


and the brainy work done in their paper, "The Coming Nation," is spoken of with pride and enthusiasm by every friend of the gospel of humanity.

The Colorado Co-operative Colony, of which we give the following particulars, and to which we give special prominence, shows great promise, and the terms of admission are more within the means of the average worker, the following is their announcement:

**THE COLORADO CO-OPERATIVE
COMPANY.**

There are Colonies and Colonies, as well as diversities of methods of co-operation; the above-mentioned colony has been organized and is carried on for the mutual benefits and equal opportunities of all its members.

The membership fee of the Colorado Co-operative Colony or Company (which is legally organized under the laws of Colorado) is \$100.00, (to which a premium of \$10.00 will be added every three months from July 1, 1897), of which ten per cent. must accompany the application and at least five per cent. per month until paid.



pation of the nominee, and whether an accepted member of any co-operative colony, and what sum is required and the purpose to which it is to be applied.

If the amount in the hands of the treasurer is sufficient to meet the amount desired, the chairman shall submit the nomination to the meeting, and if such nomination shall be confirmed by a majority vote of the members, such amount shall be applied for benefit of the nominee in purchase of a share in such co-operative colony, or in such manner as the terms of the resolution endorsing the nomination may direct.

Subscriptions will be received by Henry W. Bellsmith, 183 Spencer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

There are at present several well-conceived, well-established co-operative colonies within the United States, at the head of which stands "Ruskin," in the State of Tennessee.

Ruskin, both for the difficulties it has gone through, the indomitable pluck of its members, their enterprise, their faith

is at an altitude of 5,500 feet, is on the western slope of the "Rockies," warm healthy climate, never extremely hot or cold, no blizzards or cycloes, and is splendidly adapted for fruit, berry, nut, grain, vegetable, root, grass, and floral culture, an abundance of fine range for sheep, horses and cattle near by, and unsurpassed for raising swine, poultry and bees; does not require constant enrichment; the fruit is the finest flavored in the world.

PRESENT ACTIVITIES AND PURPOSES.

The Colony are now building the canal or ditch about 15 miles long, which it is expected will be available by the spring of 1898, will cost about \$60,000, will furnish a perpetual supply of water sufficient to irrigate 20,000 acres, and all necessary power for manufacturing and other purposes. They publish a monthly Newspaper, soon to be a weekly. They have a good lumber and shingle mill in running order. Lumber will cost them \$6 to \$8 per thousand feet. They have a sorgum and a planing mill in working order. They have a good school house with day

and night class, under the management of Prof. E. G. Brown. On completion of the canal the Colony will proceed to construct a railroad to Grand Junction, 75 miles north. They will also operate a creamery, a beet sugar plant, a cannery, a tannery, flour mill, woolen mill, electric plants, foundry, leather industries, amalga stone works, and many other enterprises; in fact, they propose to build up a model hive of industry, where all shall get the benefit and have equal privileges.

ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP.

Each member who desires it will have 40 acres of land, irrigated, his own, which will have cost him all told about \$250 cash and \$450 labor, worth to him fully \$3,000 (see below). There will be a central village beautifully laid out with parks and boulevards, and in addition to his 40 acres, each member will have a plot in the village for his home.

There is an abundance of good yellow pine and aspen timber within 10 or 12 miles; building stone, sand, gravel, brick, clay, gypsum, coal, kaoline, alum and other

minerals handy by, with gold, silver, copper and iron within a few miles. There will be no intoxicating liquors sold or manufactured for sale, and there will be no occasion to beg for work.

Membership fee invariably

cash	\$100.00
Gov. cost of 40 acres, say..	50.00
Expense going out from	
New York	60.00
Cash in hand	40.00
	<hr/>
	\$250.00
Proportional cost of ditch	
and laterals (can be	
labor)	300.00
For house and incidental	
expenses (can be labor)	150.00
	<hr/>
	700.00

And this property will be worth to you \$75 to \$100 per acre, to say nothing of other advantages.

For further particulars, address M. D. Bowen, Pinon, Colo., or Henry W. Bellsmith, 183 Spencer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



**is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

